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*the amazing 'bedsit'  
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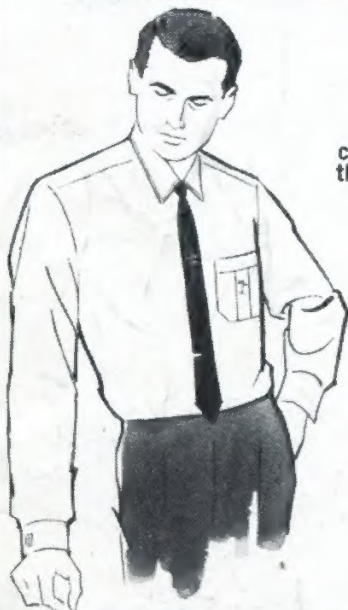
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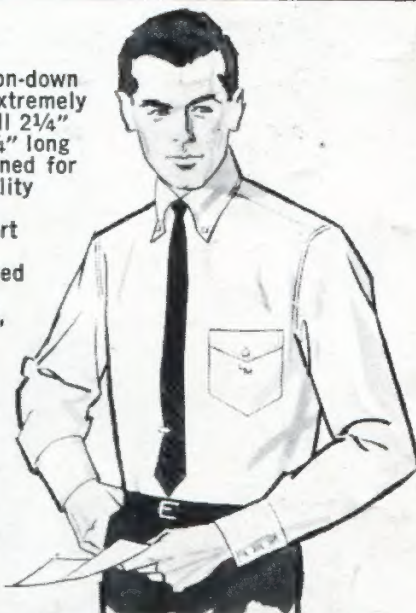


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SEPTEMBER, 1967

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### A Scratching

The name of the game is *graffiti*, the plural form of *graffito* which in turn derives from the Italian *graffio*—a scratching. Originally, graffiti were rude, usually obscene inscriptions scratched on rocks and walls. Today the term has been broadened to include scribbles on the tile walls of men's rooms (and women's!), inscriptions chalked on sidewalks, and almost every other form of secret and usually scabrous jotting.

The name may be Italian and first applied to wall scratchings of ancient Rome, but there's little doubt that the popularity of graffiti dates back long before the time of the Caesars. We wouldn't be surprised to learn that Eve carved "Adam can't cut the mustard" into the bark of *that* tree. Or perhaps someone scrawled "Noah is a nut" in the sand beach from whence that doughty sailor launched his ark. Or perhaps "Noah is queer for animals" would be more likely.

Recently, a Columbia University professor wrote a book on the practice and purpose of graffiti. It's not *all* dirty writing on the walls of laboratories. Some of it has historical, literary and sociological significance, and collectors of such trivia are bemused by the possibility that such sentiments as "Napoleon is a fink" or "Admiral Dewey can't swim" existed long before the current popularity of secret writing.

Unless you've been up the Amazon for the past five years, you must be aware of the tremendous boom in the graffiti biz in the U.S. Everyone, but *everyone*, my dear, seems to be scribbling messages on the walls of toilets, subways, buses, on fences, sidewalks,

and almost any other public place where the chances of being caught are minimal. Surprisingly, some of these jottings reach a rather high level of wit and/or social and political comment. Must be these turbulent times we live in—or perhaps graffiti have become Mr. Everyman's only outlet for non-violent social protest.

From the West Coast comes this report of a "dialogue graffiti" written on the wall of a men's room in a gay bar in Los Angeles. A "dialogue graffiti" is one in which the original comment has been answered or added to by another person, directly underneath. Sometimes this scrawled dialogue will go on and on for four or five comments, each by a different person.

In the case we're speaking of, the original comment stated with considerable bravado: "I am eight inches long and three inches wide." Underneath that someone had written, "Where do you buy your suits?"

A somewhat similar lunge and riposte are reported inscribed on the dining room wall of one of Greenwich Village's most popular hangouts. "Mother made me a homosexual," the first comment states. Beneath it, in another hand is written: "If I buy her the wool, will she make me one?"

For some years the legend "Support mental health" appeared all over Manhattan, usually written with chalk on the risers of subway staircases, and always in the same hand. More recently, someone has been adding his brief comment so that the legend now reads, "Support mental health—or I'll kill you!" More recently there has been a rash of "Stamp out mental health" scribbles. In fact, the "Stamp out . . ." form of graffiti has become so popular that within the last month, we have seen it used with "Stamp out LBJ . . . Stamp out Barbra Streisand . . . and Stamp out Mary Poppins."

Incidentally, concerning the last, "Mary Poppins is a junkie" has been one of the most popular forms of graffiti in the past five years. The only thing to top it has recently appeared: "Little Orphan Annie is a pusher."

An article on graffiti appearing in the usually staid New York Times mentioned a three-way dialogue someone had spotted on a Manhattan fence. The first writer: "I love all gurls." The second writer: "You mean girls." The third writer: "And what's wrong with us gurls?"

Of course a romantic form of graffiti is the "John loves Mary" type

favored by youngsters. In many places in modern America, the romantic scribbling has been taken over by somewhat older and more sophisticated youths. This has led to such statements as "John loves Robert." In the case of "Sam loves Max," we know you won't be too shocked to learn that both Sam and Max are women, if not ladies.

If your personal history dates back to the period of World War II, chances are you remember "Kilroy was here," an inscription found scrawled in almost every city, port and battlefield around the world where GIs had visited, however briefly. There are many theories how this truly universal bit of graffiti got started, including one incredible belief that it was an Americanized version of "kill *roi*," or "kill the king," that allegedly was popular back in the days of Louis XIV. More likely it was simply a spontaneous and somewhat touching act on the part of thousands of U.S. soldiers who wanted to leave even this anonymous notice of their presence and existence.

More recently, graffiti have represented the minority groups active in political or social revolution in this country. "Marcel Proust was a yenta" is certainly innocent enough, but quite possibly of dubious attraction to anyone who has not read "Remembrance of Things Past" or who is not familiar with the Yiddish word "yenta," meaning "gossip."

But no one can mistake the meaning of "Make love, not war," now found scrawled almost everywhere. "Black power" has been countered with "Jewish power . . . Italian power . . . Love power" . . . and, just the other day, we spotted "Banana power," a message from a hippie, no doubt, who had been smoking the dried scrapings from the inside of banana peels for their extremely dubious hallucinogenic effects. The latest hippie slogan is "Flower power," a message to be seen scrawled almost everywhere, including on the sides of police cars.

Generally political slogans such as "Ban the bomb" have given way to double-entendres, such as "Dracula sucks." But there are still many political and social oriented graffiti being written, many of interest only to the initiate, such as "Hell no, we won't go" or "The bread is rising."

Why do men, and women, indulge in this relatively trivial habit of scrawling messages on the walls of toilets? From a variety of motives,

(continued on page 78)



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Swank . . . . .





There is disorder in the house of jazz! The evolution of this form of music shows us that this is not uncommon, witness the advent of the giants, the innovators, who, when they exploded on the scene, shook everybody up with their departures from what had been the norm. In a word, revolution is the midwife of evolution, not only in jazz, but in any creative endeavor.

Today's disorder, however, has far greater implications than anything that has happened in jazz in the past. With the coming of the "new jazz", there seems to be an almost deliberate attempt on the part of the performers to alienate the listener, whose support, both material and moral, history of the arts has shown to be a vital element in the success of any movement. The "new thing" in jazz is completely anarchistic and evokes a purely emotional response. From a strict musical reference, "outside

jazz" (it is known by many names) obviates the imposition of any rules that are characteristic to the past. Time, tonality, form are all considered constricting by the champions of the new school, and, as such, are verboten. Freedom is the lowest denominator, irrespective of its musical validity. To fully appreciate the pyrotechnics of today's new jazz, one has to be an *expert* listener, and, unfortunately, there are not enough *expert* listeners to make this new jazz an economic reality. The fact remains, distasteful as it might seem to the rebels, they still function in the world of entertainment. The ability to relate to what any artist is doing or saying is what makes the paying customer come back for more, and more, and more. And it is the paying customer, who, by whatever means, determines what will be accepted and what will be rejected.

Much of the onus for the strife in the world of jazz today must be attributed to the critics, whose endorsement, or lack of same, influences the masses. So many jazz afficianados, because of geography, economics, or whatever, depend upon the observations of the accredited critic for a direction. Admittedly, I haven't read all that has been written by jazz critics, but I don't remember having read a critique where a critic has taken a definite posture about the new, free jazz, especially in a negative context. I have read countless paragraphs of meaningless, innocuous mutterings, which left me with the impression that nothing had been said. Perhaps this "safe", "let's not miss the boat again", attitude is the result of so many burnt fingers left over from the arrival of Charlie Park-

er and his colleagues in the Bop revolution of the early Forties. There is a lot of scar tissue still around from that era. I feel it is incumbent upon any good critic to voice his sentiments without fear of reprisals; otherwise, he's a panderer, not a critic. The same must be said about disc jockeys, the second most important corps of influencers, who, by virtue of what they select to program on their shows, are themselves critics. The myriad jazz polls, and so-called "hot-record lists" that are published by radio stations and deejays throughout the country are farcical, bordering on, and often embracing, dishonesty. Pitifully, the victims are always the jazz fans and the musicians themselves. It is long past time for those in positions of influence to re-evaluate their function, and responsibility.

The schism that has developed in jazz is a direct result of today's players insisting upon cutting themselves off completely from the past. No one in his right mind would impose the status quo on any creative artist. That would breed stagnation. But nowhere else in the world of the creative arts have the iconoclasts come on so strong. In literature, painting, classical music, the masters remain masters, irrespective of the passage of time. Actually, the importance of the masters becomes enhanced as the years go by. And lest anyone thinks otherwise, let it be known that the jazz musician of a generation ago, or even a decade ago, resents the attitude of the johnny-come-latelys. They resent the fact that the newcomers haven't paid enough dues to come on so strong. It is the conflict of these two factions that has, more than anything else, bred the confusion and the rancor that threatens to inundate jazz, an art that deserves a better fate.

We recognize that these are very restless times, socially, politically, and economically. We must recognize, too, that evolution is a tortuously slow process, sometimes maddening. History shows us that the arts always reflect the tempo of the times, but never to the complete abandonment of a relationship, no matter how obscure, to the past. Obviously, the new jazz is in a transitory state; if we accept it as such, with the prospect of refinements to come, we'll be alright. If, however, we accept the credo that this is *it*, jazz is in serious trouble and those who choose to intellectualize it, rather than enjoy it, will inherit *it*, few in number though they might be.

—MORT FEGA



'Do you believe in free love, Mr. Cartwright?'





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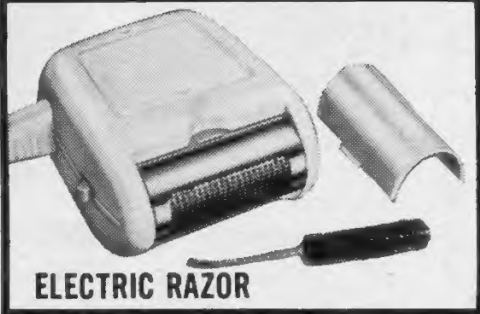
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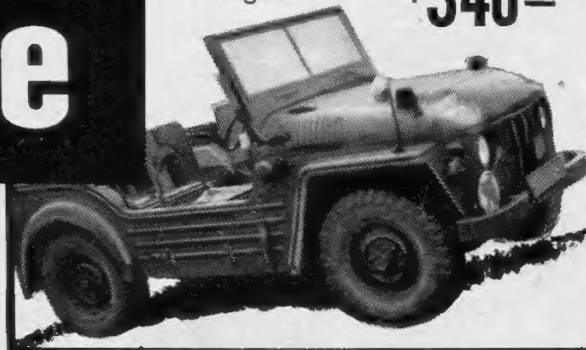
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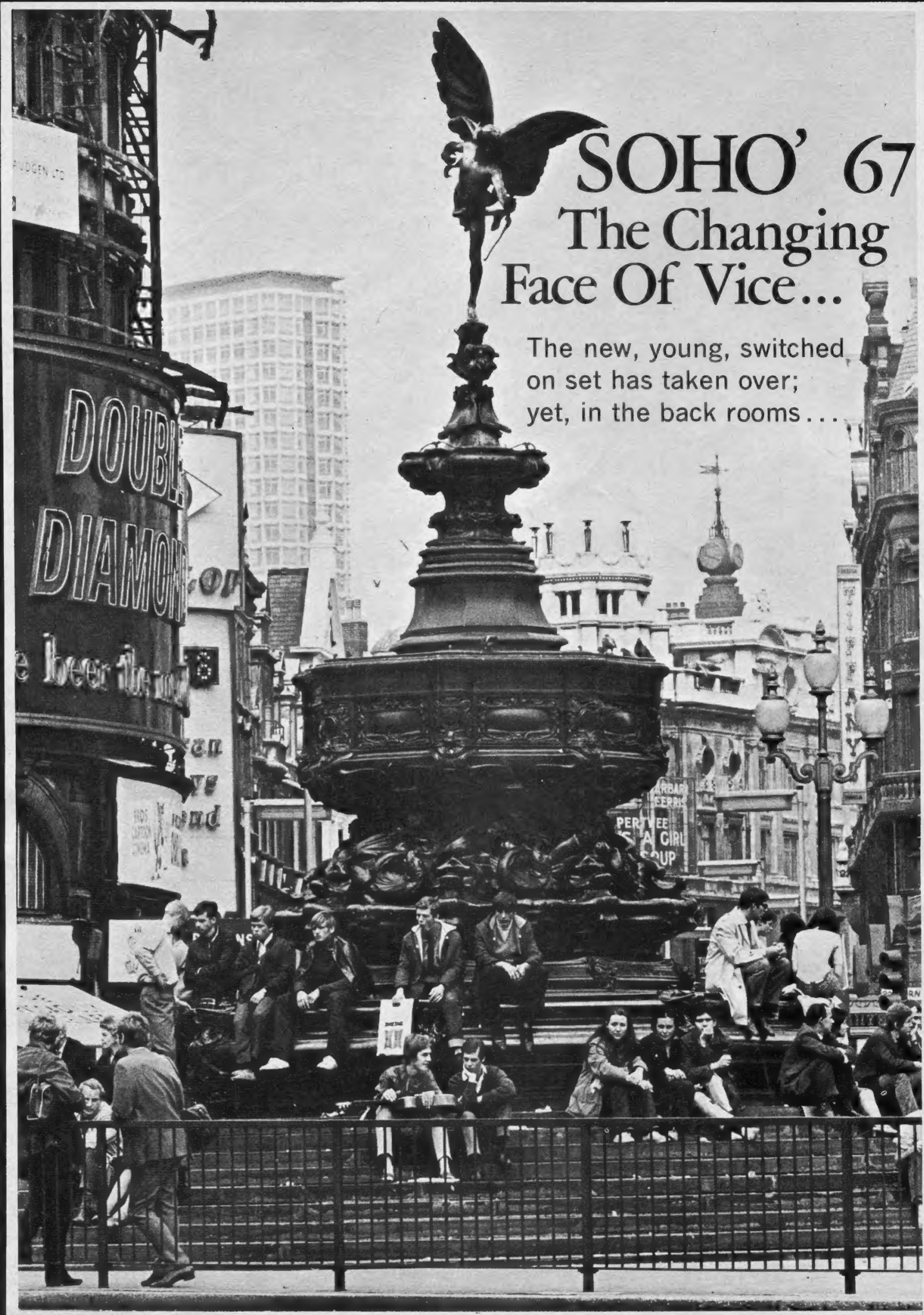
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# SOHO' 67

## The Changing Face Of Vice...

The new, young, switched on set has taken over; yet, in the back rooms...



**T**he cornerstone of Soho is Piccadilly Circus, or more specifically, Eros, the winged statue in the center of the Circus. The only time that Eros on his concrete island is deserted is when it's raining. The rest of the time the center of Piccadilly Circus is crammed with people, mostly youngsters, just sitting and watching. Some play guitars, others read, a few chat. But most just watch. These young people set the pattern for Soho in 1967. For what used to be a rip-roaring enclave of vice and violence is now a quiet piece of London, striving desperately to put across a new sophisticated image. The gangsters and prostitutes have given way to beat clubs, gambling and good entertainment.

Soho still tries to kid visitors that it's the sordid, sexy place it always was. But the facade is transparent these days. Movie houses compete against each other with lurid titles promising forbidden delights; small bookshops still have their back rooms, regularly raided by the law, where pornography can be bought; newsstands still display notice boards full of mysterious ads (French girl has chest for sale: 44-22-38) where furtive gentlemen in rain-coats hover, taking notes.

And of course there are still the strip clubs. Soho must keep its strip clubs, other-



Good jazz clubs, like Bag O' Nails, feature top singers like Maxine Brown (above) and gambling joints—discotheques have been replacing vice dens.

**More Photos**



The strippers and strip joints still abound in Soho, ranging from the fairly posh, sophisticated types (like Audrey Crane) to wide open spots.

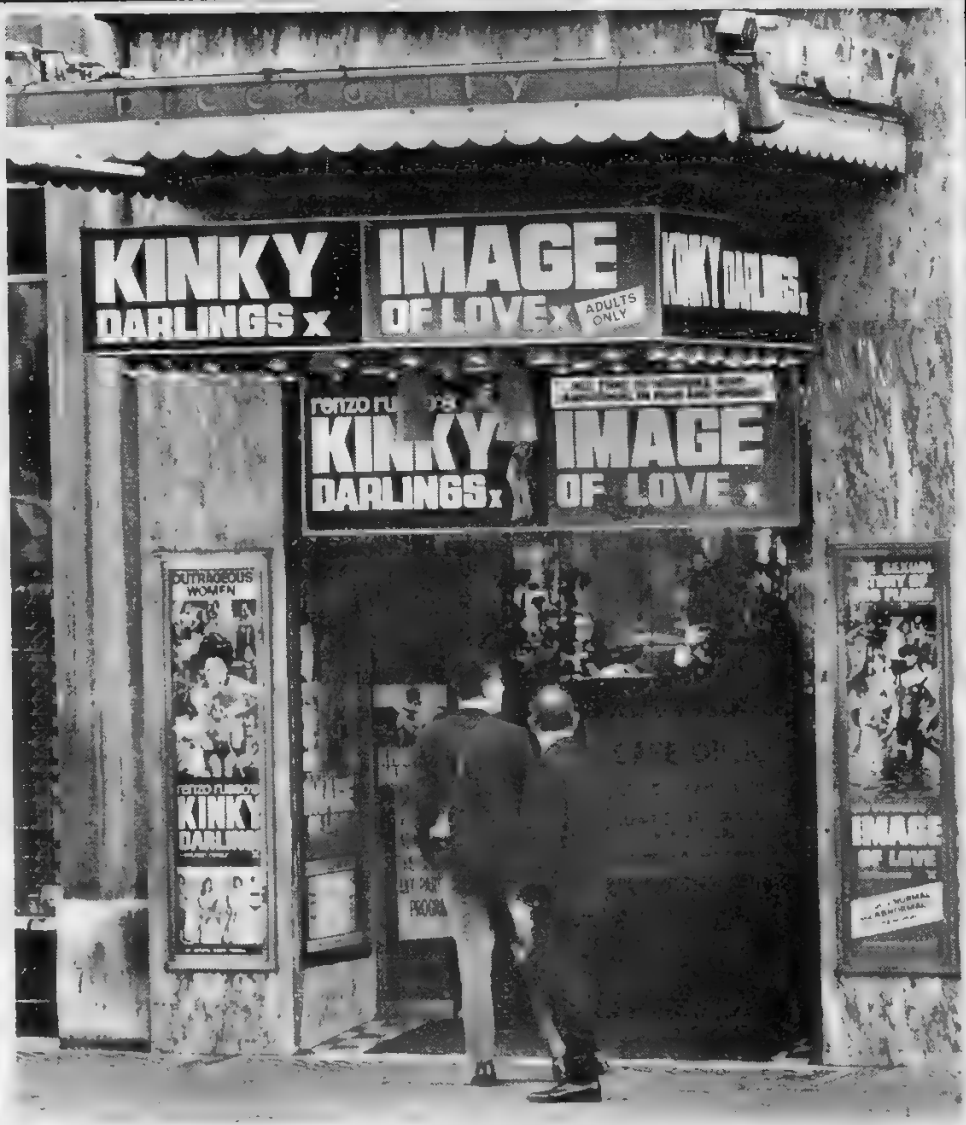
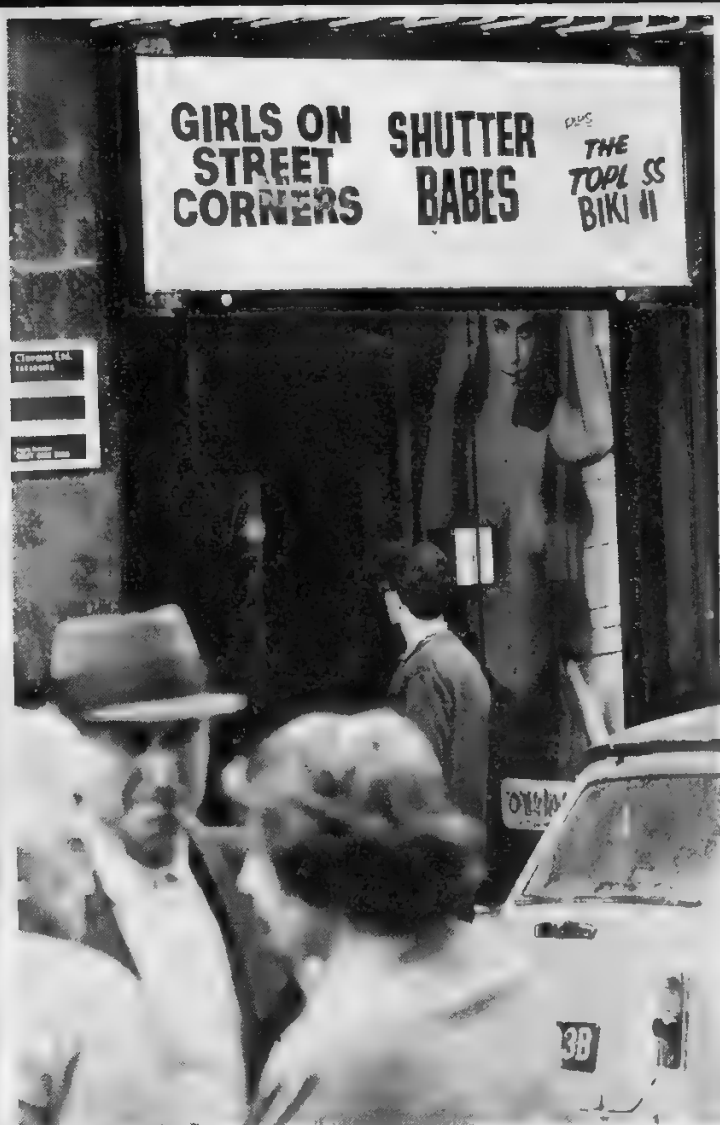


wise the tourists just wouldn't come any more. There are sophisticated ones, like the Raymond Revue Bar and the Casino de Paris, and there are the rough ones where grubby ex-pros lumber naked around a makeshift stage accompanied by a scratchy record and heavy breathing.

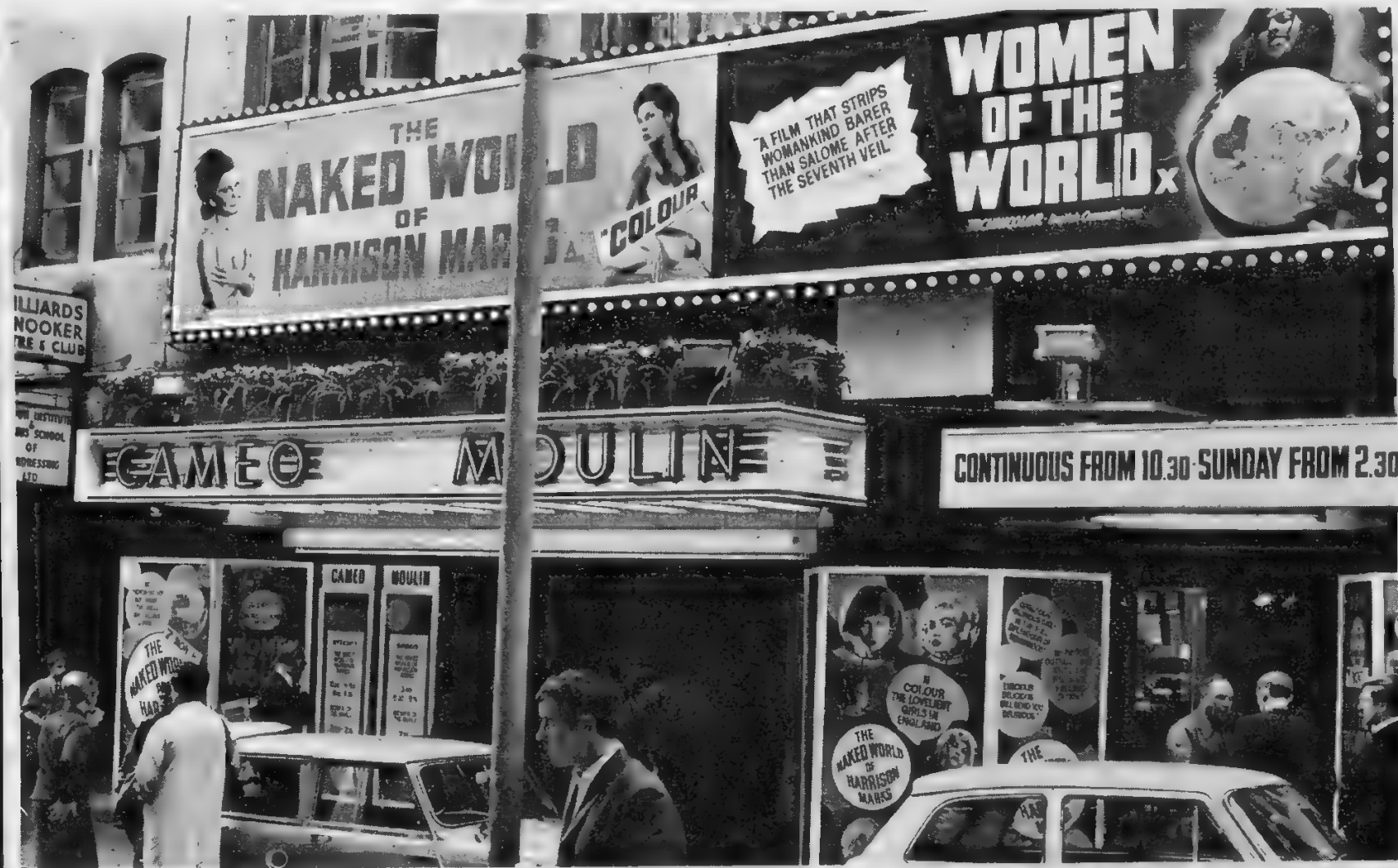
But the narrow streets of Soho in '67 are dominated by young people. Clubs have sprung up to cater for their tastes: small dark discotheques in cellars pounding ear-drums with Tamale-Motown; larger, posher

clubs with top-line entertainment (Maxine Brown at the Bag O' Nails, the Peddlers at the Pickwick.) The Whisky A' Gogo is crowded every night with young people dancing, drinking and gambling. Sideline entertainments are laid on for them: beauty contests, a dancing competition. World-class jazz is found at Ronnie Scott's club. The restaurants are among the best anywhere. A visitor might still be chatted by an overpainted bird in a dark doorway, but it doesn't happen much anymore. The End





The Soho cinemas open early and close later than anything else in London. The usual fare, as can be seen from these marquees, is a nudie movie.





*He saw no buildings, heard no screech of brakes or rumble of exhausts and he remained unmindful of the late evening strollers passing him like shadows in the depths of some secret sea. He walked alone along the Los Angeles streets. He noticed only the clocks.*

*There were several in the window of a jewelry store just ahead and over there, across the street, one stared blindly out from its gilt frame above the entrance to a bank. And, of course, there was the small one bound to his wrist by black leather straps.*

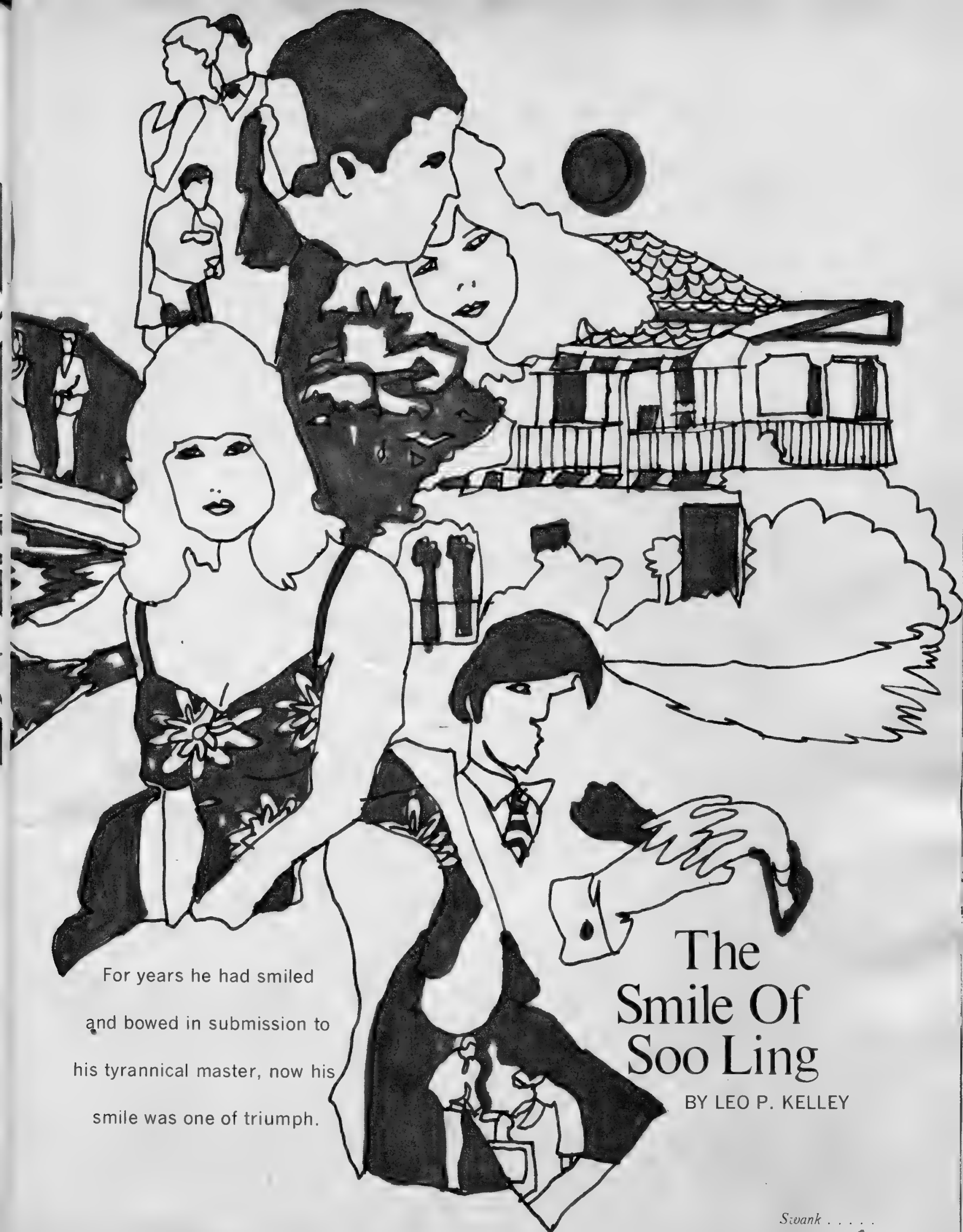
*These machines, he thought, measure time more dependably than the waxing and waning of the moon or the thinning of the hair on my head. They measure life and tonight they will mark the moment of one man's death.*

*Soo Ling raised his wrist and felt the cool metal touch his ear. Tick, tick. Tick, tick. He brought his wrist forward into the shower of light shed by a street lamp. The larger hand, he noted, stood at eight; the smaller approached eleven. Twenty more minutes until eleven o'clock. Soo Ling, a patient man, continued to walk and walking, waited. The start of a smile lifted the corners of his mouth and narrowed his oriental eyes.*

*Far from the*







For years he had smiled  
and bowed in submission to  
his tyrannical master, now his  
smile was one of triumph.

# The Smile Of Soo Ling

BY LEO P. KELLEY



freeways and the noise and neon of Los Angeles, the house stood—squatted, actually—at the foot of some gently rolling hills. Had these hills been sprinkled with grazing sheep, the pastoral scene would have been quite complete. The walls of the house were pink stucco. Doric columns spliced the front portico. Wood, metal, pompeian stone and reinforced concrete combined in a tasteless and almost comic conspiracy to create the structure, called by its owner—Mr. Michael Panopolous—Hawk House. A tennis court, riding stables and a swimming pool dotted the estate although Mike Panopolous played no tennis, never mounted a horse and had never learned to swim.

On this Tuesday evening in early August, Mike Panopolous was dressing for dinner. Soo Ling, his manservant, moved noiselessly and efficiently about the bedroom, retrieving dropped cufflinks, stooping to remove a trace of lint from his master's trousers—performing his duties as if to the manor born.

"Wait'll you see their faces, Ling, old boy!" Mike boomed, almost spilling the drink he held in his left hand. "Sweet little Laurie'll like to die, you

mark my prophetic words. And that greasy-haired gelding who calls himself my nephew—oh, he'll slip a socket, he will! Where's my handkerchief?"

Soo Ling found the missing handkerchief. He arranged it in the pocket of his master's coat. The ornate P embroidered in red on the handkerchief blazed against the white linen.

"You sure you got things straight?" Mike inquired. "I want our little comedy to go off without a hitch."

"Yes, sir. I am to speak first to young Dr. Staley and, later, to Mrs. Panopolous. Then I am to turn on the music. Then—." Soo Ling hesitated, trying to recall the next step in his master's plan.

"The drinks, dammit!" Mike belted angrily. "Then you mix another round of drinks. Whether they want them or not, mix them and serve them. Get it?"

"Yes, sir. Then the drinks."

"Where's Gloria?"

"Mrs. Panopolous is outside. She is beside the swimming pool."

"Okay. So beat it."

Soo Ling left the bedroom and glided down the stairs and into the baroque living room where he prepared a tray of canapes, checked the

stock of liquor, tidied a sofa pillow here, emptied an ash tray there. The sound of a car roaring up the drive signalled the arrival of the first of the guests.

Voices drifted in from the poolside patio. Soo Ling heard greetings being exchanged and then a husky female voice summoned him. He went out onto the patio.

"Bring Dr. Staley something wet," Gloria Panopolous directed. "How are you, Arthur?" she asked, turning to the impeccably groomed young man lounging at her elbow.

"Fine. Just fine," he replied. He was tall enough and not too thin. Tennis and swimming kept him attractively tanned. A lucrative but not too taxing practice kept him smiling and his bedside manner supplied the topic of conversation among the local matrons much more often than did either rose blight or chinchilla. "Nice of you to invite me," he said. "How's Mike?"

"How is he ever?" Gloria answered. "Mike is Mike."

Silence.

Soo Ling returned with a crystal tumbler. Dr. Staley took it from him and murmured his thanks as a second car crept up the drive and stopped. Mrs. Laurie Weber slid from behind the wheel. Her thirty-six year old son, Christian, got out on the opposite side and slammed the door behind him.

"Hello, you two!" Laurie shrilled, waving wildly. "Hello, hello."

Gloria managed an ersatz smile. "Laurie. Chris. How are you?"

Chris opened his mouth to speak but his mother was too quick for him. "We're tip-top, the two of us," she chirped. "Ooohhh, Dr. Staley." She held out a hand heavy with diamonds.

Dr. Staley took it and smiled warmly. Dr. Staley always smiled warmly at women like Laurie Weber.

"I'm famished," Chris announced to no one in particular and set out in search of food.

"Isn't it simply gruesome?" Laurie commented in a throaty stage whisper, with a conspiratorial wink at Dr. Staley. "Reading a will *before*, I mean."

"Mike," Gloria observed icily, "is an eminently successful shipbuilder. A comedian he's not."

"Why do you suppose he wants to read us his will now?" Dr. Staley asked soberly.

"I never suppose," Gloria stated





flatly. "I just keep on my toes, ready to land on my feet if the turf tilts."

"How absolutely witty!" Laurie squealed, motioning to Soo Ling and sticking out her tongue to pantomime thirst. "You say the cleverest things, my dear."

"Doesn't she just!" It was Mike, framed like an incongruously bloated Banquo in the french doors. "Gloria's a cute kid and, what's more, a clever one. Didn't she marry up with me?"

He bowed elaborately and waved a hairy hand toward Gloria. She stood up, adjusted her backless, sleeveless cocktail dress and sauntered toward her husband. She patted his bald, bowed head and continued on into the living room. "I need a drink," she said as she passed him. "That's not all I need but it'll do for now."

Mike straightened and strode toward Dr. Staley and Laurie. Chris suddenly appeared, following in his wake. "Hi, Unc," he sang out merrily, about to slap Mike on the back. Mike stepped neatly aside.

"You'll spoil your din-din," Mike commented nastily, noting the flakes of tuna clinging to Christian's upper lip.

Chris, unsure of himself, decided to giggle. His mother waggled a finger at her brother. "I swear to goodness, Michael, dear, one never knows quite what to expect from you. Hardly a charming idea, this, of reading your will simply aeons before you're going to—well, you know."

"He wants us all tearing at each other's throats, mums," Chris volunteered, "before he lights out for Forest Lawn. Right, Unc?"

"Maybe so," Mike grunted, unmoved. "Mostly though I wanted you all—you too, Staley—to know how much I thought of you in terms I'm sure you're each capable of understanding. Probably the only terms," he added.

"Michael!" Laurie exclaimed, feigning shock.

"I am well aware," Mike continued, ignoring her, "of how much you think of me. Quantitatively and, more importantly, qualitatively."

Gloria returned, carrying a tumbler half full of bourbon.

"Ah, my latest wife," Mike sighed melodramatically. "Gloria of the glassy eyes." He saluted her smartly. Definately, she drained her glass.

"Ling!" Mike called.

Soo Ling appeared instantly. "Sir?"



*"Stop nagging me to go hunting! Did it ever occur to you that a man needs a little recreation once in a while?"*

Mike handed him his empty glass. Soo Ling turned and took a step toward the lighted living room. "Hey, buddy-boy, not so fast." Soo Ling halted, turning almond eyes on his master, his face expressionless.

"What do you think of this here monkey?" Mike asked expansively. "Taught him to stand up on his hind legs and walk like a man, I did. You know his story?"

"Now, Michael," Laurie chided.

"Lay off!" Gloria spat.

Dr. Staley turned away, pretending to study the faint ripples covering the surface of the swimming pool.

"You all might not be so concerned about Ling after I read the will," Mike said. "Ling, here, might cut you out clean. Laurie'd have to hock all those blue-whites. Staley, you'd have to go on pill-peddling forever. And, Gloria, my dear. How would you live happily ever after, possessed as you are of no more negotiable talent than your penchant for beddy-bye?"

No one spoke. Mike continued gleefully, glorying in their evident embarrassment. "I found Ling's old man ready to be decimated by a taxi gone coo-coo in the teeming streets of Singapore. Pulled the aging gent right out of the jaws of death, the

very gates of hell, I did. He was so grateful—get this—he handed over Number One Son to me right then and there."

Soo Ling stood motionless, unblinking, listening.

"I brought him over here with me and had him taught the noble rite of service."

"Slavery!" Gloria snapped.

"Shut up!" Mike snarled. "His old man died a natural death because of me! Cancer, wasn't it, Ling, baby?"

"Coronary," Soo Ling answered calmly. "He—we—were most grateful for your courageous act, Mr. Panopolous."

"See!" Mike exclaimed, laughing. "Didn't I tell you?"

"Shall I serve dinner, sir?" Soo Ling asked.

"Yea," Mike said. "Might as well get this show on the road."

The meal was superb. Roast pork gascogne. Two wines. Over the brandy, Mike announced, "Ladies and gents, the time has come." He reached into the pocket of his coat and drew out several folded sheets of crisp white paper. He waved them at the people seated about the table.

"Soo Ling," he yelled. Ling entered the dining room and Mike mo-

*(continued on page 73)*





Charlie Sherwood, the auto parts salesman, went to work the other day looking 10 years younger than he had the day before, feeling 100 per cent better and ready to sell twice as many carburetors. It was all because he wore his new head.

And it's little wonder that everything was better.

The old head was shiny, freckle-spotted, fringed with a thin and shaggy border of mouse-gray hair.

The new head was dark and curly on top, young-looking, fresh and flattering—as if maybe Charlie had borrowed it from Steve McQueen, Tab Hunter or somebody just as hairy and handsome.

That's because Charlie Sherwood, who had been plunging from his vigorous 30's directly into advanced middle age, decided to join the young man's rebellion against the tricks of nature that are making him look old, uninteresting, dull as a rainy day and undistinguishable from all the other old, uninteresting and dull-looking people around him.

This whole rebellion, which really began five or six decades ago in show business, has suddenly started to sweep every area of a man's business and social life with today's emphasis on youth, is made of hair.

Hair that's styled a different way, hair that's given the color it isn't,

hair that's taken from one place and replanted in another, hair that's knitted and knotted together and then glued and taped there where hair no longer grows.

The idea behind it is to be more successful business, more successful with broads, more successful with your opinion of yourself.

"And nobody laughs when you walk in with a new head," according to good, old (or is it good, *young*?) Charlie Sherwood. "The guys who don't need it figure what the hell, I'm entitled. The guys who do, wait until they get you alone and find out how and where and how much."

The answer is that any swinger who's temporarily on the social sidelines with a bald pate can get into the new version of the skin game and win with as little as \$200 for openers and play anywhere across the country.

The centers of it, of course, are places like New York, Los Angeles and Chicago simply because they are also where the action is—the action where the graying, balding cat hardly ever gets a chance to sharpen his claws.

Call them rugs, head carpets, wigs, toupees, hairpieces or whatever comes to mind, they're turning up everywhere although it is virtually impossible these days to tell the man who has one unless the guy who supplies

it spills the beans or he confesses himself.

"What it seems to be," according to a sociologist friend of ours who no longer shines in the dark because he has one, too, "is the male's recognition that there is nothing unmasculine about giving nature a little assistance where it counts.

"And one of the reasons it counts these days is that more than 52 per cent of the people in this country are now under 25 years of age and the emphasis in everything is on youth, vitality, fresh good looks. The mini-skirt on the other side of the sex fence is an example.

"Women 40 and over are wearing them because they don't want to be put down as old bags. There's nothing wrong with a man feeling the same way and doing something about it."

One of the foremost organizations in helping the skinhead do something about it in New York is a place called Serr, Inc., at 50 East 50th Street in Manhattan, where a headful of fun fun can be obtained at anywhere from \$200 to \$600 a pelt, depending mostly on size.

While Serr supplies a number of actors and entertainers with their tufted toppers, the establishment has the distinction of focusing on the business man who makes more public appearances than any barroom bari-



tone and who turns out to be even more dependent on his public appearance than the man with the educated tonsils.

This is none other than the salesman.

"There's no other job in business that requires more confidence than sales," explains James de Pasquale, the fur-bearing sales manager of the organization. "Baldness detracts from a man's appearance and seriously saps his confidence. It can impair his earning power as well as his company's volume. Sales people seemed like a natural market for us."

A Serr sales rep managed to get that message across one day to a chairman of a large corporation, who wasn't immediately convinced by the pitch but was open-minded enough to give it serious consideration.

He ran an analysis of his staff's sales records, comparing them with individual physical characteristics—and the results stood out like Frank Sinatra's bald spots in the days before Sinatra acquired 30 or 40 of his own rugs.

Those results showed that all the bald salesmen were at the bottom of the ladder.

"With great reluctance and self-consciousness," says the chairman, "we agreed to have eight of our salesmen meet with a Serr representative. All of them agreed to try a hairpiece.

"The results were astounding. They looked 10 years younger and their greater self-confidence, we are sure, is a direct cause of their increased productivity."

At another concern that depends heavily on the effectiveness of its sales force, the toupee came in the front door for the sales men—on the head of the company president.

He got one simply because he was tired of looking the way he did, became so taken with the change in his appearance and attitude that he pressured 12 of his salesmen to go along with the idea.

They're all just one big furry family of success now.

Whether the company wants a man to wear it or whether the hairpiece is his own idea, the little rascal has an interesting quality that goes beyond its color, style and questions of upkeep: it's deductible when income tax time rolls around every spring.

That's one of the reasons why most toupee wearers feel free to acquire more than one to add to the wardrobe, just as most men have more than one or two suits. Another reason is that after a hairpiece is worn three



*A hairpiece used to look like somebody's mop strings or an object carved from wood. Today's toupees, however, are made so expertly they can be worn unselfconsciously by any man.*



## Gone Today, Hair Tomorrow



*Male models and actors are biggest clients of hairpiece makers. Here are typical before and after photos of an actor with a toupee.*



or four times, it is time to send it out for a cleaning and the owner isn't likely to wish to revert to his old, bald status while waiting for it to get back.

Like the psychologist who acquired several for reasons other than business. "I wanted to wear sports clothes," he explained. "Turtleneck sweaters and that sort of thing. But it seemed silly for a guy with a bald spot to dress like that."

It doesn't seem silly to this swinging egghead any more because the egg is well-covered with one of the most interesting cover-ups the sportsmen of his set have ever competed with. And, of course, he has three or four of them.

The idea of having a lot of them comes from the entertainment world. It is simple necessity with the performers.

Lorne Greene the head pebble-scurfer of TV's "Bonanza," for example, throws six or eight of his silver-gray toppers in the suitcase whenever he hits the personal appearance trail on behalf of the show or whatever commercial product he happens to be plugging in addition to Lorne Greene.

He has a special problem with them, too, because most men are acquiring toupees to make them look younger and there is no market for silver-gray toupees. Thus his requirements are special orders that are met with animal fur.

Most other hairpieces, the manufacturers say, are made just the way wigs and falls for women are produced—of human hair attached to fabric, which is attached to the head with tape and spirit gum.

And since they are real hair, they can be worn swimming, showering, swinging on the Sealy or in any spirited activity that comes to mind. The only problem with having too many of them on hand at one time is that styles change.

For example, after Steve McQueen hit the big time with his cool characterization of "The Cincinnati Kid," it suddenly became fashionable for all the male heads around the country to look like Steve McQueen's.

There was a sudden rush of orders for toupees in that close, neat but seemingly casual cut. Sinatra turned





*Fred Greco of Serr, Inc., of New York displays a group of the most popular hairpiece styles. Clients can try on a variety of styles before purchasing, testing them for suitability.*

up with one. So did Joey Bishop. Milton Berle got one. Burt Lancaster got one. Gene Kelly got one. Even old George Raft got thrown out of England wearing one.

Or, as they were saying in Schwab's: "Who's next? Kim Novak?"

No, what came next for the town that vanity built, where haircuts can cost up to \$75 each and take a couple of hours to perform, was the transplant.

This was the highly expensive surgical process developed by Dr. Samuel Ayres III, who has gotten busier than the guy who caps the teeth in all those sweet smiles of success.

Dr. Ayres, whose most interesting recent customers were said by the gossip columnists to be Sinatra and Joey Bishop, has developed a method of moving hair from the back of the neck to the top of the head.

It goes up there, too—so he says.

What Dr. Ayres does is pinch a tiny little hole in the scalp of the patient's bald head and then plug it up with another tiny pinch of hair-bearing skin from the back of the neck.

These little pinches are nothing more or less than skin grafts with fuzz.

It may take as few as 20 or as many as 500 of these little pinches to turn

the barren desert into a fun forest and the cost of them works out to about \$25 a pinch, or \$2 a hair.

But what's money if you've got a 21-year-old bride or a big new nighttime television show—and, especially, if you've got money?

Right, Frank? Right, Joey? Right, Doc?

Ayres says the transplanted hair will grow at the customary rate and that it will be up there for the lifetime of the patient.

This is a lot better than his old system, which involved planting hair-like nylon filaments in the scalp with little hooks, loops and knots. The people who tried that discovered it was snowing hair in a few months—and they're back of the list of standees outside Dr. Ayres's office to get the real thing.

But, as the price list makes perfect clear, this is a process that will probably remain far out of the financial reach of the average skinhead until the system of having a head filled gets to be as widespread and simple as having a tooth filled.

Until then, the false pretenses of the pate will rule over all.

Or perhaps somebody will finally come up with a process for reviving the bald scalp that actually works... and there is every indication that somebody is always trying.

In England, for example, the workers in a fertilizer factory recently reported what they considered a major breakthrough.

Two bald men, whose jobs were to shovel the fertilizer—made of chicken droppings—reported a revival of their long-retired scalps.

They said they had no explanation for the rejuvenation until they considered each step of their jobs, which required a lot of exertion and the usual sweating that comes with shoveling fertilizer all day.

One workman noticed that they both had a habit of taking off their hats and wiping their dusty, sweaty foreheads backward over the head—the way workmen have been wiping their brows forever.

Obviously, they were rubbing the fertilizer into their dormant scalps.

Can chicken droppings produce hair?

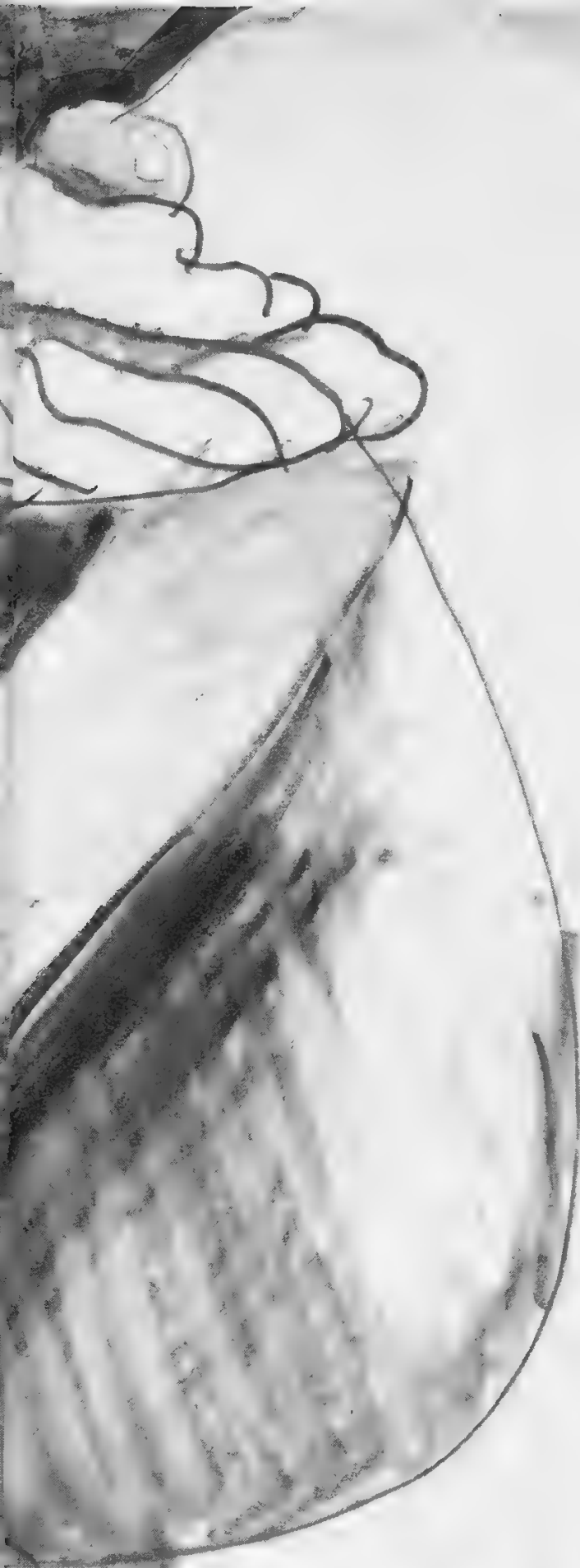
*(continued on page 81)*

*Swank . . . . .*









Maybe Mr. Bronson should not have become concerned; after all it was only a dead dog. But he felt that somehow there was a question of principles involved.

Mr. Bronson entered the pastry shop. He went past the pastries without looking at them, carrying his umbrella very carefully so that he would not catch it on the smart little checkered-top tables. He went right up to the cashier, ahead of two ladies who were about to pay their bill.

The cashier, a very large woman with red hair, frowned at him. The other two women also frowned, but Mr. Bronson tried to ignore them. "You know," he said quietly, keeping his voice to a decent whisper, "something ought to be done right away. I mean, just letting it lie there like that. It's rather awful."

The cashier humped up next to her machine. Her breasts were large and furious, and the color of her face became uneven.

"Whad?" she said.

"Outside," said Mr. Bronson. "On the street."

"Whads outside, and whadaya want?" the cashier said, in a voice like a belch.

"The dog," said Mr. Bronson.

"Dead. And there are flies in its mouth. It's just lying there, in the middle of the sidewalk. I thought you might like to know, this being an eating place and all."

The cashier looked at him as though he had just exposed himself, and the two women edged away.

"Whadaya, some kinda nut?" the cashier said, pointing her finger at Mr. Bronson. It was a heavy finger, carrying an enormous ring with diamonds and red stones. It came at Mr. Bronson like a weapon, and he stepped back, startled. He stepped back again as the cashier shouted for someone called Oscar. Her voice filled the little pastry shop, and everyone looked at Mr. Bronson, who felt unbuttoned.

A wall behind the pastry counter suddenly gaped, and there stood a man in a white apron. The man was even larger than the cashier. He came toward Mr. Bronson scowling, and wiping his hands on his stomach.

"Yeah?" said the man, thrusting his stomach with unmistakable mal-



# THE DOG

by STANLEY COOPERMAN





ice at Mr. Bronson, who found himself pressed against the pastry counter. "This guy givinya trouble?"

"Really," said Mr. Bronson, holding his umbrella tightly. "I simply told this young woman that there is a dog outside your place of business. It's lying on the sidewalk with flies in its mouth. I mean," he added, as Oscar continued to advance, "It's a dead dog. Quite unpleasant, you see. I'm a dog-lover myself, and . . ."

"Whose mutt is it?" Oscar demanded, breathing suspicion at Mr. Bronson.

"I haven't the vaguest idea," said Mr. Bronson. He gave his body a discreet half-turn so that the glass counter was no longer pressing into his back. It's not a stray," he added, while examining Oscar's face for signs of possible violence. "A doberman, by the looks of him, a breed animal. There must have been an accident . . ."

"How come you know so much about it?" demanded Oscar. "And why come in here bombing about a dead dog and upsedding all the customers?"

Mr. Bronson was now becoming disturbed, and whenever he became disturbed, his eyes would water, giving his whole face a peculiarly damp

and leaky appearance. He determined not to let this happen. After all, he was in a strange city. Besides, there was a principle involved here. Mr. Bronson was not sure what the principle was, but he was sure that it was involved. Deliberately he removed his eyeglasses, polished them with a bit of tissue, and blinked at Oscar, who bulked over him like a red and white whale.

"See here," he said, putting his eyeglasses back on his nose. "I wish to let the whole matter drop. I had no intention of upsetting your customers or anyone else. What happened was quite simple. I saw this dead animal out there, outside your door. It was rather shocking, and I thought I would help, because I like pastry shops, especially German pastry shops, and . . ."

"This ain't no German nuttin!" Oscar bellowed. His eyeballs bulged at Mr. Bronson. "Viennese!" he said. "My fader was Viennese-American. I'm Viennese-American. My shop is Viennese-American . . ."

Mr. Bronson was becoming dizzy trying to unscramble Oscar's loudly moist bombulations. He sighed. He leaned gently on his umbrella. "This," he said to Oscar's mottled jowls, "is hardly the time to discuss

your ancestry. I would like to . . ."

"ALLRIGHT," Oscar bellowed again. "Never mind my ancestors. None of your crummybizness. Cmon and lets see whadya makin so much stinkabout. CMON!" he said, taking Mr. Bronson harshly by the arm and dragging him to the plate glass door. Mr. Bronson fought back an impulse to resist, and allowed himself to be dragged away.

They looked outside, and there it was, lying peacefully on the sidewalk. Two streams of pedestrians hurried by the dead dog without seeming to notice it. The people simply shifted direction a bit to either side: girls with short skirts and low heels, long-haired boys, earnest businessmen, assorted drifters. People with packages and people without packages. People laughing, talking, frowning, smoking, chewing whatever it was they were chewing. People with briefcases. Women with children. They all hurried by the animal—and the pastry shop—without looking at either of them. Even in his strained circumstances, Mr. Bronson was impressed by this triumph of mind over unpleasant matter.

"Goddamn!" Oscar said, tightening his grip on Mr. Bronson's arm. He stared at the hurrying crowd. "Goddamn!" he said again, scratching his nose with his free hand.

By this time the people inside the shop—those who had been sitting at the little tables drinking coffee and eating pastries or corned-beef sandwiches—were getting up to see what was happening. Most of the diners were women. Some of them wore feathered hats. They scraped their chairs, peered through the large plate-glass window which formed one wall of the shop, made horrified sounds with their mouths and high-heeled shoes, and hurried to the cashier to pay their bill. Oscar watched them go, and glared at Mr. Bronson.

"Ya see?" he asked, encompassing his almost empty shop with a tragic gesture of his free hand. The other maintained its grip on Mr. Bronson's coat. "Look whadya did!" He gestured again, this time with his other hand, and stared resentfully at the empty tables of his pastry shop.

Released from Oscar's grip, Mr. Bronson slipped through the door. When he was outside he made his way very quickly through the crowd, carrying his umbrella like a weapon.

THE END







# CHRISTINE JENSEN...

## SWANK'S London Cover Girl

Mini-cabs, mini-skirts and cover girl types abound in swinging London; here's one discovered in Kensington.





**C**Christine, just 17, lives at Iverna Court, and, super for photographer Ken Williams, she turned out to be one of his neighbors!











**C** This was Christine's debut as a glamor model; Ken discovered her as he was shopping in Harrod's famed store, where she was a clerk, of all things. Suddenly, she has become one of the "in" models of London.





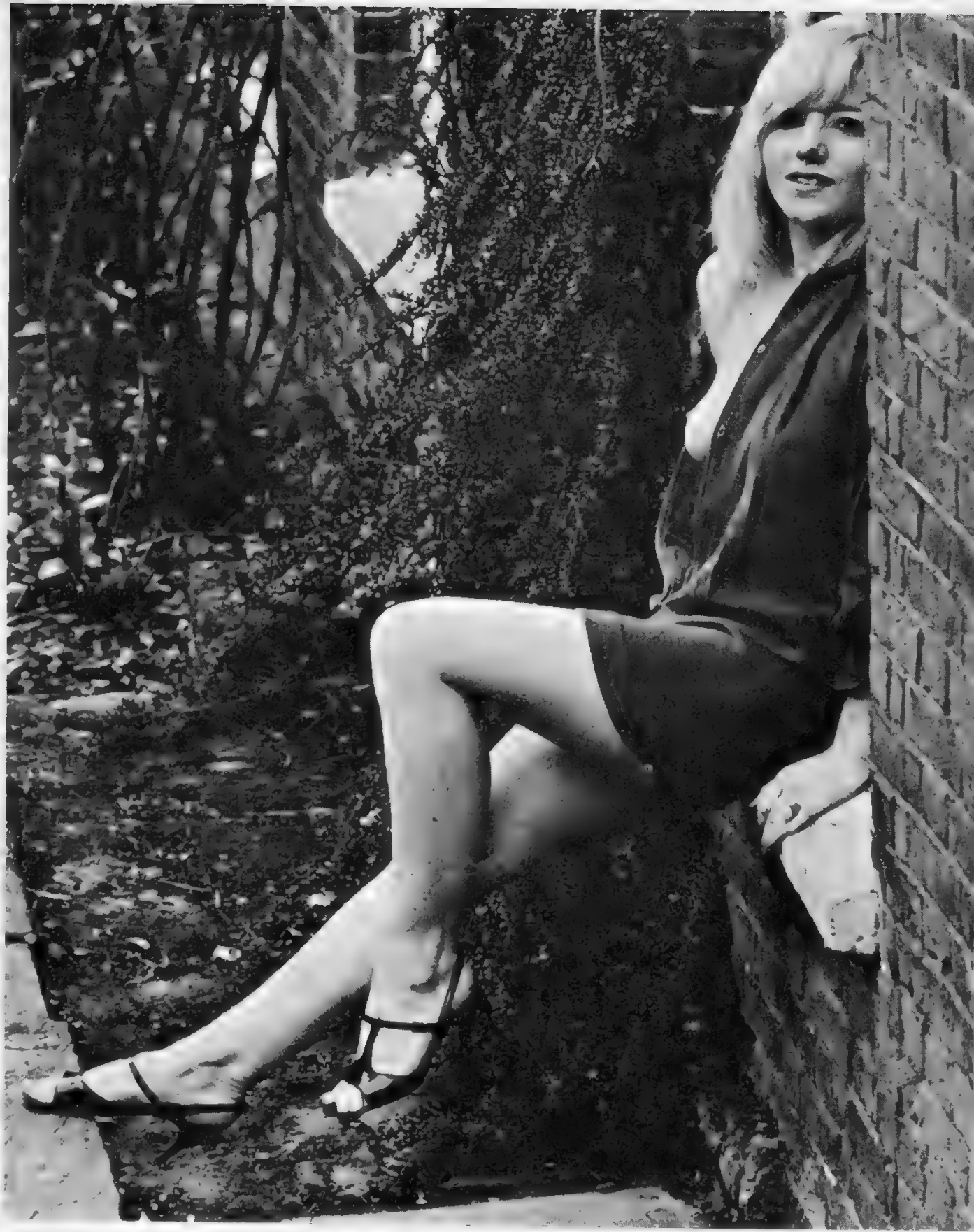












**C**A lover of Chinese food and discotheques, Christine's favorite for the former is Good Friends, in the Limehouse section, and for the latter, the Ambiance, in Chelsea.





**C**Christine's ancestry is Norwegian; she's named after her mother, who still spells it Kristena. Cris's ambition: to be a film star.



# PAUL GETTY JR., Blue Chip Off The Billion-Dollar Block

Born into more money than anyone can count, Junior has large, solid gold shoes to fill—but credit him for trying, so far!

/by DESMOND RAFFERTY



Paul Getty Jr., and bride Talitha Pol hoist a couple on the honeymoon, spent in Tangiers, Morocco. Honeymoon lasted a marathon six months.

The offspring of wealthy parents are frequently said to have been born with silver spoons in their mouths.

It's an adequate enough figure of speech when applied to an Astor, a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt. But, if used in reference to tall, dark-haired and 35-year-old Paul Getty Jr., it is the understatement of the century. For this Rome-based young American expatriate must have had a solid-gold soup-ladle clutched in each tiny fist when he first saw the light of day in Los Angeles, California, in 1932.

Paul Getty Jr. is—needless to say—the namesake son of THE J. Paul Getty, the oil magnate, financier and all-around super-tycoon who is universally conceded to be the richest man anywhere on the face of the earth. In 1966, the Getty family fortune was conservatively estimated to be in excess of \$10,000,000,000—that's TEN BILLION DOLLARS, in case too many zeros make your head swim!

However, an estimate of the Getty clan's riches is obsolete as soon as it is made, because that kind of money makes more money at a fantastic rate of speed. For example, if the Gettys' ten billion earned only 4½% savings-bank interest annually—and you can be damned sure they get a far better return than that on their dough—the fortune would have increased by \$450 million in a single year.

“The figures are astronomical—no average person can begin to comprehend them!” the reader is likely to protest.

Okay, let's break down all the zeros and see what they mean.

Take the \$10 billion figure as a



base—and assume the Getty family suddenly decided to share the wealth and divvy up the dough. The Gettys could give 10,000 people \$1 million apiece—or one million people \$10,000 apiece. And they'd still have an absolute minimum of \$450 million (close to half a billion bucks) left in the family sock for a rainy day.

Eager potential applicants for the share-out can forget all about it, though. The gargantuan—and constantly growing—Getty gelt-pile will not be whacked up into bits and pieces and handed over to the hoipolloi. It's going to stay right in the Getty family—which brings us right back to the central character in our multi-billion-dollar scenario: young Mr. Paul Getty Jr.

Paul—“Young Paul” as he's known throughout the length and breadth of the farflung Getty empire—is neither his father's only nor even oldest son. Despite the “Junior” tacked on to his name, he is actually Number Three (age-wise) among J. Paul Getty's four, all male, offspring. To complicate matters, the four boys are the products of the Senior Getty's marriages to three of his overall total of five wives. Confused? Well, luckily, the ravelled saga of the Senior Getty's



A wedding kiss and a police escort after the ceremony in Rome's City Hall. The Getty clan does not believe in sheer waste of money; the ceremony was a 2-dollar one.

*Swank . . . . .*



# GETTY...

matrimonial forays can be boiled down to a fairly simple Box Score:

Wife No. 1: Jeanette Dumont, 18. Married in Carlifornia in 1923 (when Getty was 31). Marriage lasted 18 months, produced one son: George.

Wife No. 2: Alene Ashby, 17 (Getty then 34). They parted almost immediately. No children.

Wife No. 3: Junoesque German teen-ager Adolphine Helmle. Married in 1928, divorced four years later. One son: Ronald.

Wife No. 4: In 1932 to Ann Rork, daughter of Hollywood movie producer Sam Rork. Divorced in 1935. Two sons born: the first was originally christened Eugene Paul; later and by common consent, became known as Paul Getty Jr. the second

boy, about two years younger was named Gordon.

Wife No. 5: Society singer Louise Lynch. Married in 1935, divorced in 1950s. One son, Timothy, born in 1946, died while undergoing operation in 1958.

In sum, Paul Getty Jr. has two older half-brothers and one younger full brother—which would seem to put him pretty far down the sibling-scale insofar as strategic position with the Getty empire is concerned.

Not so, say insiders who are close to the World's Richest Clan.

"Young Paul was a late starter—and for quite a while a slow runner," comments one veteran Getty family watcher. "But he surprised everyone and is coming up fast."

"Paul Jr. has undergone and amazing metamorphosis in the last few years," says another. "Once meek and mild, almost painfully shy and retiring, he is now a hard-driving extrovert."

Perhaps the most telling assessment is made by a charming woman who has been J. Paul Getty's confidante and "very dear friend" for over two decades.

"Young Paul has proven himself to be more like his father than any of the other boys," she declares. "He's emerging rapidly as a real Junior J. Paul Getty, an authentic chip off the original block. I'm sure his father realizes this and secretly takes great delight in the knowledge."

*(continued on page 80)*



A swinging jet-setter when he's not managing his father's oil interests in Rome, Paul Junior makes the nightclub scenes regularly. Here, with Talitha and other junior jet setters he bounces in a discotheque.



EVERYTIME I GO HOME,  
I GET THE SAME  
ROUTINE FROM  
MY WIFE.



THAT SHE'S GIVEN  
ME THE BEST YEARS  
OF HER LIFE.



THAT I'M A NO GOOD  
THOUGHTLESS,  
UNGRATEFUL LOUSE!



WHO NEEDS IT?  
IT'S NOT  
MY FAULT.



AFTER ALL, I DIDN'T  
ASK HER TO GIVE  
ME THE BEST  
YEARS OF  
HER LIFE.



ALL I REALLY  
WANTED WAS  
A COUPLE OF  
GOOD NIGHTS!



SCHOCHET



Presenting some long awaited findings from one of our most widely unknown reporters, who seems to have turned up some impertinent facts on a matter of considerable unimportance.

After God knows how long spent in some dreary old archive, pouring (cheap bourbon no doubt) over liberally tons of old books and things, he has managed to shed little light on the origins of some of our most uncherished figures of speech.

# Cliché Clipping

by JOHN FERLAINE

He's been  
walking all  
over her  
for years!



He never looks you straight in the eye.



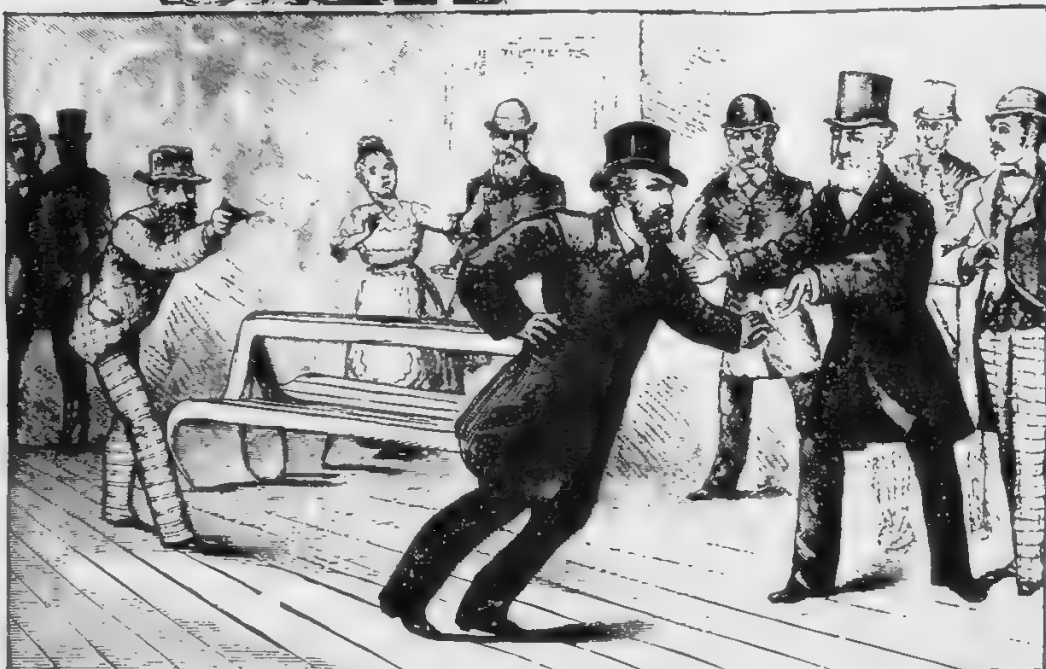
Help! I'm up a  
creek without  
a paddle!



Are you going  
to let them kids  
go up in  
those crates?



Boy, It sure is  
getting deep  
in here.

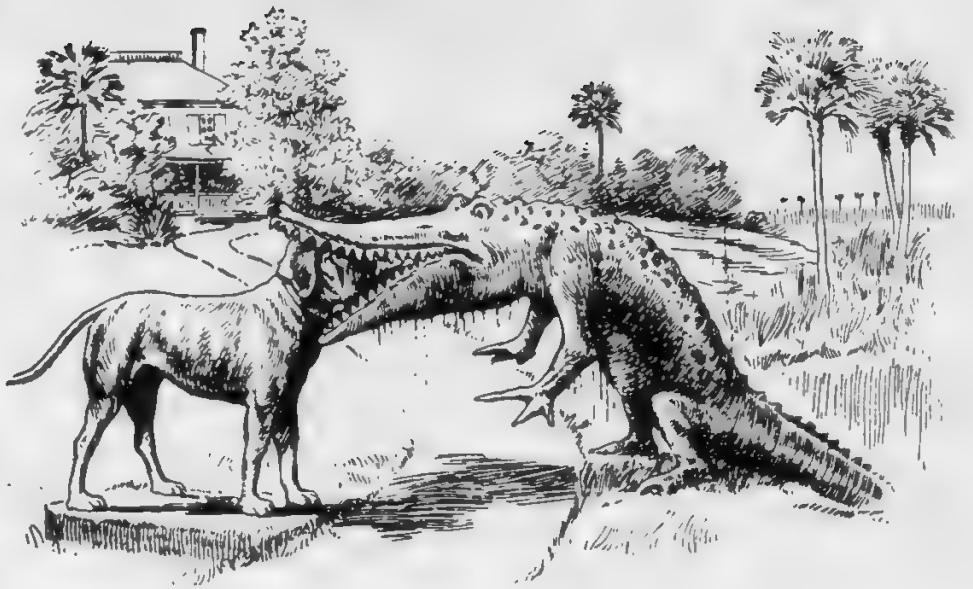


I keep getting that feeling that somebody don't like me.



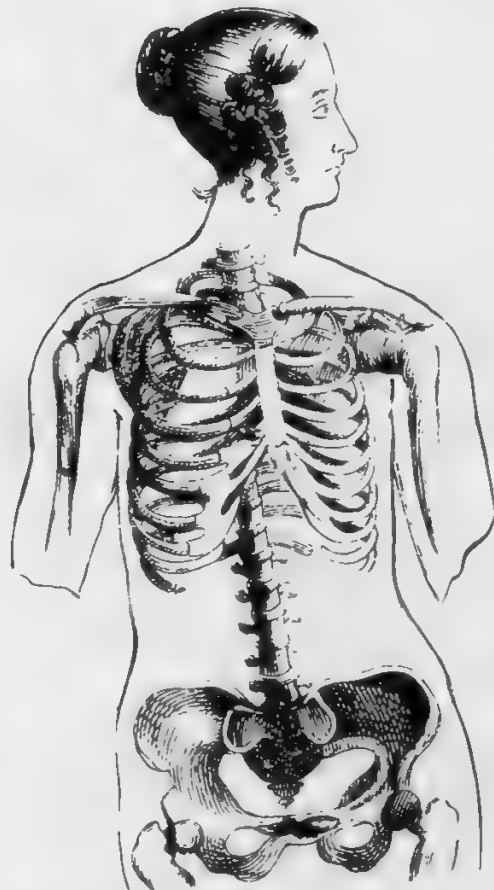


I'd sooner be big frog in a little puddle  
than a little frog in a big puddle.

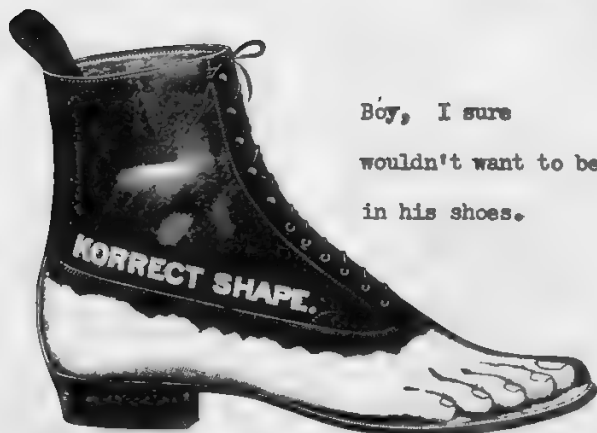


How does this grab you?

If you don't  
play it my way,  
I'm going to pick  
up my ball and  
go home.



Poor dear,  
she's nothing  
but skin  
and bones.



Boy, I sure  
wouldn't want to be  
in his shoes.



If you lived here, you'd be home now.





**SWANK  
REVISITS  
LONDON...  
AND GOES TO  
A MOD  
BOUTIQUE  
OPENING &  
A MOD, MOD  
PARTY**



*Top photo: Tony Barton  
dances with April  
Dawson. Just behind  
Tony, Swank editor  
Jonathan Starr.  
Bearded gentleman  
is Russell Gay.*







Last spring Swank put its camera eye on London for the first time, to see whether or not it it swung as advertised. It did (Swank September, 1966 issue). We returned this spring to see what changes, if any had been wrought in that year. The changes are few, and for the better. If anything, the mini-skirts are minier and the town swings even higher. Highlight of the visit this trip was a private boutique showing, followed by a party at the home of photographer Russell Gay. The boutique, called Degree, is at Regents Park, run by an actor named Tony Barton, and a girl named Maggie Syme. The boutique features original designs (as can be seen on these pages) in way out clothes and gold and silver jewelry. We can only tell you that the scene in London we have not seen duplicated or approached anywhere in the United States, or any other part of Europe.



*Left: Belinda Harvey and photog/film maker George Harrison Marks. Above: Belinda with David Magnus; center: Galaxy International's Al Weiss, Britt Hampshire.*





*Showing some boutique styles, before the party started: Britt, above and left; Susan King above right; and below, April and Belinda.*







*Degree's designers are a couple of talented young girls named Jill Waddington and Marietta. Dresses are not street wear.*

*Swank . . . . .*





*Quick changes  
upstairs were in  
order to show  
more of the  
Degree styles.*







*Britt, Belinda, April and Susan are four of the top glamor and boutique models in London. Turn page for a sensational photo of Britt.*





A full-page photograph of a woman with short, wavy blonde hair, identified as Britt Hampshire. She is shown from the waist up, turned slightly to her left, looking down. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white or pale blue, one-piece swimsuit. The background is a warm, textured wall, possibly made of wood or stone, with some dark, indistinct shapes on the left side. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a romantic or intimate atmosphere.

**BRITT HAMPSHIRE: SWANK'S  
LONDON SWEETHEART**





BY F. H. TURNER

## *Dacron And Old Lace*

Unlike most of her friends in Cardinals' Rumford, Mrs. Merivale had never held strong opinions about Americans. Their part in the last war she had regarded as a necessary shared experience, like the influx of not altogether likeable relatives for a critical family affair. The crisis over, they returned home and one could forget them, apart from a Christmas card or two which one sent out of politeness in exchange for Season's Greetings, reluctantly received. □ The trouble was, the Americans had never really gone home. In fact, they had been here for years, a situation which Mrs. Merivale, who had formed the habit of thinking on a somewhat deeper level than her friends (in her





*Mrs. Merivale had  
really become quite  
fond of the American;  
then his wife and  
child arrived . . .*



wilder moments she wondered what would have happened if she had studied law) was now slowly assimilating. Lieutenant Arthur John Brady of the United States Air Force agreeably helped the process. Mrs. Merivale thought she found him amusing, but at sixty and widowed for twenty years, she had forgotten some of the aspects of life to which one is most vulnerable, like youth and good looks.

The Lieutenant was so polite. To her questions, fired at him with all the ferocity of shyness, he replied that three years was not too long to be away from home, especially when his wife and little boy would be joining him, and he certainly appreciated everything Mrs. Merivale had done to make the apartment—or rather, the flat; he'd have to learn English now, wouldn't he?—so comfortable and Ann, his wife would appreciate it too. Furthermore, the Lieutenant said, Ann would like a little town like Cardinals' Rumford. She liked quaint places. It was probably her English blood. Mrs. Merivale ignored Ann, concentrating on the Lieutenant's smile, but later she found herself thinking of Cardinals' Runford, once a market town, but

now a characterless, near-suburban paradise for commuting London business men, as resembling one of those postcards for sale in Devon or Cornwall holiday resorts. One succumbed inevitably and bought a number to send to friends, determinedly overlooking the wet and windy aspects of truth. Perhaps, Mrs. Merivale reflected, being a town councillor forced one to see things differently. She made a mental note along this line for the next meeting.

The decision to take tenants in a wing of her big red brick house on the outskirts of the town had been reached after a long and painful struggle. Mr. Stokes, her solicitor, had finally convinced her, pointing out that the capital amassed by Mrs. Merivale's late husband, a furniture manufacturer, was dwindling too fast for comfort, at least the kind of comfort to which Mrs. Merivale was accustomed. Unearned incomes, he said pontifically, stroking his large, brutally veined nose, were becoming a thing of the past, but if one exerted a little wisdom, there was not much to fear. These taxes, however . . .

Mrs. Merivale regarded him with faded, blue eyes and tried to settle

her small, stout body more comfortably in the armchair provided by Mr. Stokes for his clients. It was definitely not from the Merivale factories, she thought as usual, but knew she would also, as usual, say nothing that might suggest she was touting her own wares.

"We must proceed with caution, dear lady. There may be dangerous curves ahead."

Listening to Mr. Stokes laughing heartily at his own considered wit, Mrs. Merivale decided the only thing she really admired in him was his business acumen, unfortunately an advantage. She permitted herself a weak smile, saying that probably he was right.

Her daughter, Deidre, tall and languidly blonde, later corroborated Mr. Stokes' opinion.

"Lots of your friends are doing it, Mother. Besides, this house is far too big just for you and Janet and Judy."

Janet was Mrs. Merivale's cook, a round, truculent old woman who resented all change, with the exception of television, and loved nothing and no one, apart from Judy, Mrs. Merivale's over-fed, sleek dachshund bitch, and Mrs. Merivale herself, with whom Janet often disagreed, only class-consciousness on both sides saving such moments from degenerating into a frank quarrel between friends.

Deidre's husband, Mark Featherstone, added his gratuitous opinion.

"If you'll forgive me for mentioning it, Mother-in-law, you're not as young as you were. I mean to say, good idea to have someone else in the house besides Janet. Anyway, you'll be in the swim. All the belted earls in the kingdom are taking paying guests or selling ice-creams to keep up their stately homes."

Mrs. Merivale who found it difficult at any time to like Mark and never more than on the occasions when he called her Mother-in-law, thanked him politely for his solicitude and tried to forget how much she had paid for the farm he and Deidre now ran at a steady loss. But she could not forget, mainly because buying the farm had obscurely compensated for Mark's father being a baronet,—impoverished, but a baronet for all that,—and in defensive moments Mrs. Merivale had to remind herself that the Merivales had been the acknowledged leaders of Cardinals'

(continued on page 66)



"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the most decadent of them all?"



# HOW TO THROW A BEER BASH

By IRA  
M. JOSEPHS

That dependable ally of all college citizens—beer, can be the staple of a campus Saturnalia that really swings, is different, and very hip

OPENING weeks on campuses consist more of preparing for the social calendar of the year than of hard, concrete attacks at course requirements. After the relating of summer adventures and liaisons, not all imagined, we hope, college males begin taking survey as to what is available on campus and near-by.

There is no reason to delay the opening of the party season, regardless of the expenditures needed to maintain one's enrollment in school and a high credit standing at the bursar's office. Whether in fraternity house or in private digs, conviviality should be a prime commodity at the beginning of the long grind. We quote from *The Student Prince's* heroine Kathy who admonishes her admirers in Heidelberg:

*Come boys, let's all be gay, boys,  
For education should be scientific  
play, boys.*

While the spirit of good fellowship engendered by Sigmund Romberg has been replaced by the cool calculation of Robert McNamara, there are still many means by which campus capers can be condoned even by those who abhor expenditures on frolics. Heidelberg, the Rhine, remind us of that dependable ally of all college citizens—beer.

We quickly inform new readers of this series of entertainment guides that our dictum governing each piece remains—imagination is the currency most used with cash outlay simply supplementing. All recommendations are based on personal experience and are not geared to the esoteric or the arcane. Practicality is the guiding principle.

Having firmly established the rules by which we formulate our suggestions, let us now proceed to the procedures enabling you to open the cam-

pus season with a beer bash that is more than just *another* party, deemed inconsequential and of no significance, and which is dismissed as simply BYOB—Bring Your Own Bottle. This month's article will use beer and kindred beverages as a theme which will not merely suffice—but will impress.

## CORRECTING THE BEER IMAGE

Beer and other malt beverages deserve more prestige than that of the common association with an unshaven male of low anthropoid characteristics sitting before the television watching the local nine. Indeed, brewing's history is as old as recorded history: some 7,000 years. From Mesopotamian tablets through the Code of Hammurabi up until the present, the serving of malt beverages has been deemed important enough to be included in legal statutes as well as recipes passed along from tribe to tribe or frat house to frat house.

Note the inclusion of the word *recipes* in the preceding paragraph. Malt beverages can easily replace those beverages which are improperly considered to be more exotic. Beer, ales and the like are extremely versatile and can be used in ways which will pleasantly surprise your guests. In that lies the kicker: using imagination to delight your guests in unexpected ways will sustain your position as a host of stature.

At this point, we pass along a few definitions which we believe any host worth his malt should possess. They are also ammunition for the settlement of disputes between two campus prowlers trying to impress the female upon whom both have laid claim.

*Beer:* a brewed and fermented beverage made from malted barley and other starchy cereals, flavored with



# HOW TO THROW A BEER BASH

hops. Beer is a generic term embracing all malt beverages.

*Lager:* beer which is clear, light-bodied, sparkling and effervescent. It is brewed from malt, prepared cereals such as corn and rice, hops and water. *Lager* means stored or aged. It is slightly carbonated beer. Most American beers are so designated.

*Ale:* brew which is heavier and more bitter than beer. In the brewing process, it is fermented at higher temperature than beer. Slightly darker malts and more hops are employed.

*Stout and Porter:* ales which are imported from England and Ireland. They are darker, sweeter, and less hoppier types of ales.

*Bock Beer:* a darker, sweeter and heavier beer brewed specially for sale in the spring.

*Sake:* Japanese brew, made principally from rice. It is usually served warm in small porcelain cups holding about 1½ ounces.

*Hops:* additives from the female hop vine used to impart a certain flavor and to keep wild bacteria out of the brew.

## BEER STORAGE AND SERVING

Yes, Virginia's boy friend, there really are suggested rules about the treatment of beer. For the utmost in pleasure, drink beer shortly after it is purchased. It should not be stored longer than ninety days, preferably much less. Keep it out of the sunlight. Storage should be in a cool, *dark* place. Beer that is placed in a freezer just before being brought along on a picnic or before the party about to be described here, will be beer at its worst. Above all, never add ice to beer.

Again, we urge you to treat beer with the respect you would give to fine wines. For example, control the temperature of the storage. Once chilled, don't return beer to room temperatures for an extended period. Storage temperatures should be about 42°.

*Question:* How do you ascertain the proper temperature?

*Answer:* Glad you asked. We pass along a tip of the trade. The *bottom* shelf of a properly performing refrig-

erator should read about 42°. Keep the beer there until it is used.

Of course, you know that agitation of the can or bottle will result in a gusher when you open to serve. Yet be sure not to ease the cap off. Lift it off with a steady, firm motion. For cans, use a scrupulously clean opener. (Rust on can openers in the apartment or fraternity house will kill a positive impression this beer bash will create.) About glassware, do not wash in soap. Fat in the cleaning soap will affect the head on the beer. Be sure that the glass is wet, even if it is just a quick rinse under the cold water faucet.

The above facts and suggestions equip you to discuss beer and other malt beverages with some authority. The party which will open the campus year for you and your friends will begin with preparations completed on a note of pride, not with the condescension which the beer theme might engender in the uninformed.

## BUILDING A BETTER BEER BASH

Remember, this is not intended to be merely a party for guests to walk in and sit on the floor, nuzzling the ears of their dates and guzzling the beer you provide. This party will be *more* than that. Surely, upper classmen on the campus must accept the responsibility of hospitality with some semblance of urbanity. Even the open-house gambit demands some planning. We present some tips:

1. Tell your guests *when* you want them to arrive. Even if you are spreading out for hours, give them your preferred opening and closing times.

2. Do your shopping far enough in advance of the date. Basic foodstuffs can be purchased in advance. Perishables should be bought just the day before.

3. Be aware of possible conflicts with frat rushes, athletic contests, or campus events which might interfere with your attendance. It is *your* responsibility to know this beforehand.

4. Position the beverage bar away from the area where your snacks and food will be served.

5. Try to eliminate possible con-

flicts of opinions which will destroy the amiability of the affair. Sure, we encourage conversation. But there are topics which create rancor and ill-feeling to a degree which will be damaging.

## THE SURPRISING BEER THEME

The imagination which you possess will be evident when you exhibit your ability to build the party around beer, not just provide the beverage and leave everybody to his own devices. It is the easiest thing in the world just to open a few bottles and cans, lay out a few snacks and potato chips and sit back. We think better of our readers then that and will prove it to their guests, without having to develop their balance of payments deficit.

Presenting a salad for your guests is a nice touch. It isn't particularly unusual but it *does* show a willingness on your part to be more than a can-opener-host.

### Crisp Vegetable Platter (serves 12)

- salad greens, torn into shreds
- 4 carrots, cut into thin strips
- 3 cucumbers, sliced
- 1 small head cauliflower, cut into flowerettes
- 3 red onions, cut into rings
- 1/4 pound mushrooms, stems trimmed and sliced
- 2 bunches radishes, sliced
- 3 cups sliced celery
- 4 tomatoes, cut into thin wedges.

Fill a bowl with salad greens. Arrange vegetables in rows in the order listed, on top of the greens. Serve with *beer salad dressing*.

The last item should provide you with the *raison d'être* for this article. Salads? Commonplace. The following dressing? Different!

### Beer Salad Dressing (serves 12)

- 1½ cups salad oil
- 1 cup beer
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 cans (103/4 ounces each) condensed tomato soup
- 1 small onion, grated

(continued on page 76)



I'VE BEEN  
COMING TO  
THE GYM  
REGULARLY.

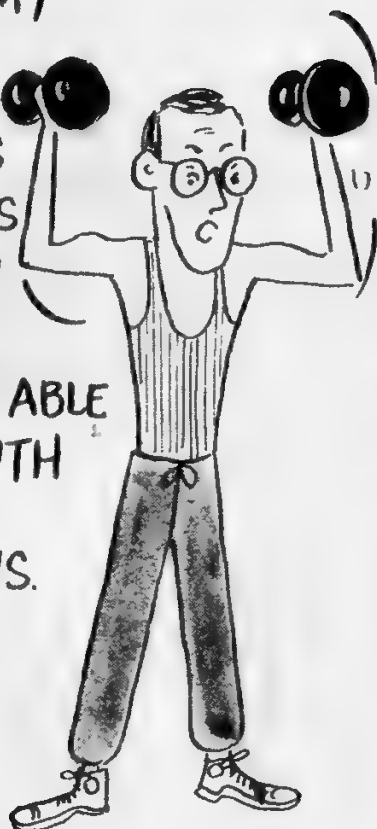


IT'S NOT  
THAT I'M  
A FANATIC  
ON  
PHYSICAL  
FITNESS  
OR  
ANYTHING  
LIKE  
THAT.



IT'S JUST  
THAT BUILDING  
MYSELF UP IS  
ESSENTIAL IN  
MY SPECIFIC  
VOCATION

MANY OF MY  
FRIENDS  
HAVE FOUND  
THEMSELVES  
IN POSITIONS  
WHERE THEY  
WERE NOT  
PHYSICALLY ABLE  
TO COPE WITH  
CERTAIN  
SITUATIONS.



BUT BELIEVE  
ME, I'VE  
LEARNED  
MY  
LESSON.  
YOU  
WON'T  
HAVE TO  
VISIT ME  
IN ANY  
HOSPITAL!



TAKE SOME  
ADVICE  
FROM ME,  
THIS SORT  
OF  
TRAIN-  
ING IS  
A  
NECESSITY.  
ESPECIALLY  
IN TODAYS  
WORLD.



YOU HAVE  
TO HAVE  
MORE  
THAN JUST  
BRAINS  
IF YOU  
INTEND  
TO BE  
ABLEY  
SUITED  
FOR  
BEING...



A  
HIGH  
SCHOOL  
TEACHER!





**When is a King a Queen? Guess again; it's when you're a girl named Susan King. She could be Queen of Anything, no doubt; here she's Queen of Swank's London Party**







# ing of the party







Susan is a very leggy 5'7" and weighs eight stone and a half (119 pounds, American). She's from Nottingham.







Not a regular fashion model,  
Susan's worked for London's  
famed mod boutique, Biba.







A sometime actress, Susan is spending the summer in Corsica doing a movie. It's a satire on the old pirate days.





A knockout in the Tony Barton-Maggie Syme designs, Susan is a prime London look example.







Susan was a blonde, but there's general agreement that she looks even sultrier with dark hair. For these photos, though you'd never know it, she was wearing a wig; she's still blonde, but it's growing out now.









**M**r. and Mrs. G. had dinner at a restaurant right on the ocean. Behind them, unseen, the evening sun was slowly setting as they sat in silence over their coffee, watching the big white waves appear magically out of the darkening water, roll in and crash brutally upon the sand. A flock of gulls scattered over the beach stood looking out to sea, patiently waiting for what the waves might bring them.

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. G. strolled along the boardwalk, crowded now with vacationers who, having dined, had nothing to do and nowhere to go. They stopped at a few souvenir shops and looked in at an auction. They played several games of Fascination and watched a man demonstrating a new type of vegetable cutter. Mrs. G. bought a pair of earrings made of shells and mailed a box of salt water taffy to the neighbor girl who was going to water the plants while she and her husband were away.

They found an empty bench then and sat for a while watching the people streaming by. Later on, they went to a brightly lighted bar where a blonde woman in a large feathered hat was singing old-time songs, accompanied on the piano by a fat man wearing a derby. Now and then the fat man would sing some dirty songs or some Irish numbers or do an imitation of Jolson. Mrs. G. didn't know what to order and decided on something called a Voodoo. The place was noisy and filled with young people, and Mr. G. complained of the breeze from an electric fan hitting him on the back, so they left after the first drink.

A block or so from the ocean was the Palace of Fun, a huge indoor amusement area, with a lighted Ferris wheel circling up through the roof, into the night. The Palace of Fun was a fantastic world of people in bumping scooters, spinning cages and jolting, whirling tubs. Over and above the persistent, tinny, ten-cent-store music of the merry-go-round was the loud cracking of rifles, the occasional clank of a bullet hitting metal, the endless insane laughter of the giant madwoman in front of the crazyhouse, the brief hiss of compressed air followed by a girl's piercing scream. In spite of all the bright colors and moving lights and sounds of fun, Mrs. G. felt a disturbing emptiness and drabness about the place.

She and her husband came upon a concession where one tried to win dishes by pitching nickels into them. If the nickel remained in the dish, the dish was yours. But it wasn't as easy as it looked. The dishes were slippery and the coins

would slide out or bounce into a dish other than the one for which you were trying.

Mr. G. won two plates, a cup and a gravy boat. He was very pleased with himself. He was leaning over the railing, trying for another cup, when, by chance, Mrs. G's eyes met those of a young man on the other side of the island of dishes. To Mrs. G's surprise, the young man smiled at her. But it was a smile that could have been meant for anyone, for whoever was standing across from him. He and his companion had won two plates and seven gravy boats. Maybe that was why he smiled. Mrs. G. didn't know; but when she glanced at him again, a moment later, she found that he was still looking at her, but in a different way. He was no longer smiling. He was looking at her in a brazen way that no man had ever looked at her before. It frightened her and at the same time strangely excited her.

Mrs. G. didn't understand it. She must be at least twice the boy's age, and it was certainly obvious that she was with her husband. He couldn't mean anything by it, she thought. Maybe he was just having fun. Like trying to win gravy boats.

The boy was not good-looking but he had a kind of youthful conceit about him. He was twenty, twenty-one, at the most. His hair was two shades of blonde; it looked as if it was bleached but it wasn't. He had a handsome body, and he displayed his maleness as a bird displays its plumage. The sleeves were cut off his bright striped sport shirt at the shoulders, and his brown well-developed arms were covered from wrists to shoulders with large intricate blue and red tattoos of coiled serpents, piercing daggers, severed hearts, mermaids, skulls and crossbones, full-blown roses, and the American flag. The front of his shirt was wide open down to his belt, revealing his bare blonde hairy chest.

His friend was a short, colorless, older boy who wore a khaki jacket. They did not seem to belong together at all.

Mrs. G. did not want to look at the blonde boy again but she could not help it. She observed his large ornate arms and felt a kind of fierce desire or unsatisfaction that she had never experienced before. It wasn't at all like her. She had never reacted this way to anyone.

From somewhere inside the crazyhouse came the distant frightened scream of a girl. And the enormous laughing woman became hysterical.

Mrs. G. could feel the boy's penetrating eyes upon her, and her heart began to beat faster. She watched her husband leaning over the wooden



# VACATION

She was happily married and no longer young, but when the boy looked at her she felt desire such as she had never known before.

by ROBERT WALTER





## VACATION

rail, his arm outstretched, trying for another cup. She took notice of his straw hat, his glasses, the badly tied necktie, the mustache without which she had never seen him, and suddenly it was as if she hated him, blamed him for her age, for all the years that had passed, for the gray hairs and the wrinkling neck and the extra pounds. She had been a young girl when she met him.

Just then she looked up and saw the boy and his partner start to leave. They stopped, and the boy came over to her and without a word handed her the two plates with the seven gravy boats stacked upon them. She and her husband thanked him and her husband laughed. "Seven and we got one. Eight gravy boats!" He couldn't stop laughing. She laughed, too, mechanically; and she watched the boy slowly, deliberately, swagger away, his bare arms swinging—so young, so sure, so proud of his youth.

I could have been anyone, Mrs. G. thought. He'll probably never think of me again.

"You'll have enough gravy boats to give one to every woman on the block," said her husband, still laughing.

With their dishes in a cardboard carton furnished by the man who ran the concession, Mr. and Mrs. G. wandered away.

"Now what do you want to do?" Mr. G. asked, looking around. "Would you like to take a ride on something?"

It was the type of idle question he asked repeatedly, and Mrs. G. smiled and replied as he expected her to reply: "No, I hate all those things. They scare me. Let's go. This place is so noisy and there are so many kids."

The eternal laughter of the crazy woman followed them out of the Palace of Fun and halfway down the street.

"Do you want to go back to the hotel?" asked Mr. G. and he pinched her arm as a kind of token of his affection. "You had enough for one day?"

"I guess so," replied Mrs. G. "We've done an awful lot of walking." "We certainly have."

They walked slowly, silently, back toward the hotel, past newly tanned girls in shorts, and pairs of prowling white-suited sailors, past the stands selling hot dogs and frozen custard

and pizzas, past a comic photo booth where the headless bodies of a strong man, a jailbird, a bride and groom, a gorilla and a bathing beauty stood in a row, past the smells of French fries and caramel corn. And as they passed by the bar where they had been earlier, the fat man in the brown derby was singing "Though April showers may come your way . . ." in a voice that sounded just like Jolson.

In the dimly lighted lobby of their hotel, a little old white-haired man was sitting all alone, embedded in a large overstuffed chair. "Nice night," he said when Mr. and Mrs. G. entered.

Mr. G. took their room key off the numbered rack of keys on the wall and started up the stairs after Mrs. G. He stopped. "I wouldn't mind a beer," he said. "Would you like to have one in the hotel bar?"

Mrs. G. hesitated. "I don't think so," she said. "You have one. I'm so tired. I think I'll go on up to bed."

It was a little routine they went through. He always asked her, but she knew that he really wanted to go off on his own to sit with the men at the bar and talk about politics and baseball and automobiles and whatever men talked about when they were together.

"O.K., Noony. I'll be up shortly," he said. Noony was his special name for her; she did not know how it started; but calling her Noony was in a way like saying he loved her.

As soon as she closed the door, Mrs. G. hurried over to the little sink in the corner of the room, turned on the light above the mirror and stared at the reflection of the familiar face in front of her, searching it to find something there that she had never seen before.

She went over to the window. Across the way, a handful of people were moving languidly about on a brightly lighted miniature golf course. She pulled down the shade.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and kicked off her shoes. She looked around the room.

The room was small and clean and cheaply furnished. It had the temporary, forgivable, painted-over look of all summer hotel rooms of its type. The floor was covered with linoleum; the drawers stuck; the mirror was cloudy; the pillows had plastic covers

beneath the pillowcases; the bathroom was in the hall. In the bolted door leading to the adjoining room, someone had bored a peephole which someone else had plugged up with a wad of paper.

The room did not face the ocean, but now and then Mrs. G. would hear the faint thud of a wave as it hit the beach.

Why had he looked at her that way? She was happy with everything as it was. Why had he made her feel this unfamiliar, unbearable longing? It was as if he had disturbed something within her, had torn out some beautiful, peaceful, living thing by its roots.

She didn't want to think about it. She stood up quickly and went over and felt the bathing suits hanging on the back of a chair to see if they were dry.

Then the strangest idea occurred to her. She wanted to go back to the Palace of Fun. She had hated it when she was there earlier. But now she wanted to go there by herself.

She debated. Then, with a kind of controlled excitement, she put on her shoes, arranged herself in the mirror and left the room. In the hall she remembered the old man sitting in the lobby, and she turned around and went down the back staircase that the bathers used and out into the dark alley.

The mechanical woman was still shrieking with laughter as Mrs. G. entered the Palace of Fun. There were only a few people there now, and many of the concessions were preparing to close for the night.

Mrs. G. walked down an avenue lined with Romance Registers, Sex Appeal Meters, miniature derricks, peep shows, and picture card machines. She stopped in front of a glass case in which sat an old gray-haired woman with a wax face. Some playing cards were strewn in front of her and she held a queen of hearts in her left hand. A sign above her read: WHAT DOES GRANDMA SAY? Mrs. G. put a nickel into the slot. Grandma shook her head slowly and wisely, her hand moved hesitantly back and forth over the dusty cards, and Mrs. G.'s fortune appeared.

"You were born under a lucky star," she read. "In time . . ." She looked up and the boy with the tattooed arms was standing beside her. He was smiling.

"Oh . . ." she exclaimed, and she





"Those 'beeps' you hear . . . I think the senator swallowed a bugged martini olive . . ."

felt everything inside her turn upside down.

The boy had a wild, drunken look in his eyes. He didn't seem surprised that she was alone. Maybe he thought she had come back to meet him. But she would never have come back if she had known he was still here.

"I was just having my fortune told . . ."

The boy smiled again, out of the corner of his mouth. He started to walk slowly along beside her.

"Let's go on that," he said, pointing to a ride called Hell 'N Back.

Mrs. G. suddenly became nervous; she did not know what to say.

"Come on," he said and he took her by the arm.

Before she knew it, the two of them were whirled through the open flame-red mouth of a monstrous gorilla into absolute darkness. The boy put his arm around her. Wild animals sprang at them out of the blackness; cobwebs brushed their faces; huge claws reached out as they passed; phantoms screamed; a dead woman sat up in her casket; skulls and ghosts and enormous black spiders appeared; a machine gun spattered bullets at them . . . then the boy took her face between his two hands and kissed her savagely, spreading her lips with his

mouth, forcing his way inside . . . and then they burst without warning into the bright outside world again.

It was hollow and lifeless. The merry-go-round music had stopped. The laughing woman had been turned off and she stood there with her hands on her hips, her head thrown back, her mouth open, her unfinished laugh still on her face.

And now they were walking along the little pond where the numbered pedal boats were lined up in a row and the gigantic white swan boat on which she and her husband had ridden that afternoon sat motionless and

(continued on page 75)





Finding one of these mini-pads is easy. There are thousands available in the London area. The smallness of space is compensated for by the fact that they are very cheap.





# *The AMAZING Bedsit Girls Of Notting Hill Gate*

*London birds are adding a new mini-word to their language with the advent of the popularity of the swinging mini-pad.*



## *Bedsit Girls Of Notting Hill Gate ...*

The population of London is swollen every day by an influx of hundreds of young girls from all over Britain.

These girls quickly acquire a nickname... they are called 'bedsit girls'. The name comes from the tiny one-room flats common to all overcrowded cities; in London these rooms are called bed-sitters, a literal description. Hence the bedsit girls.

Small rooms to let are advertised all over London, but the main bed-sitter areas are concentrated in the Earls Court and Notting Hill Gate districts. The girls who scan the ads in shop windows hunting for a place to live are typists,

models, secretaries, salesgirls, students... a cross-section of young Britain.

When they finally strike lucky they may have to put up with a cramped atticroom or maybe squeeze in with half-a-dozen other girls... but from that time on it'll be home, with no mum to watch over them, and the freedom to enjoy the pleasures, and pitfalls, of London town. From now on their life will be one of excitement and loneliness, discotheques and laundromats, boyfriends and broken hearts... all centered around their cluttered little bed-sitter. But whether the newcomers will be thoroughly miserable or have the time of their lives... they'll be the Bedsit Girls!



Cramped into some of these mini-pads you will very often find as many as half a dozen girls. The space is limited but the freedom and fun is without bounds. Money saved by sharing a pad can be spent for funtimes in swinging Londontown.





As you well know,  
from these pictures  
good things do  
come in small  
packages (page 1).



Rumford for two generations. They had been to the right schools and universities; had built the alms houses and endowed the local museums; and Merivales occupied the best section of the Cardinals' Rumford graveyard. No, on the score of local social standing and respectability, she knew there was little to justify her inferior feelings. Yet it was just this that made it harder to yield to pressure and divide her house.

The conversion was a success. Friends, curious to see what dear Catherine had done, were enthusiastic, although Jane Mallet evinced more than a faint criticism of the extra door Mrs. Merivale had let into the wall leading to the North Wing.

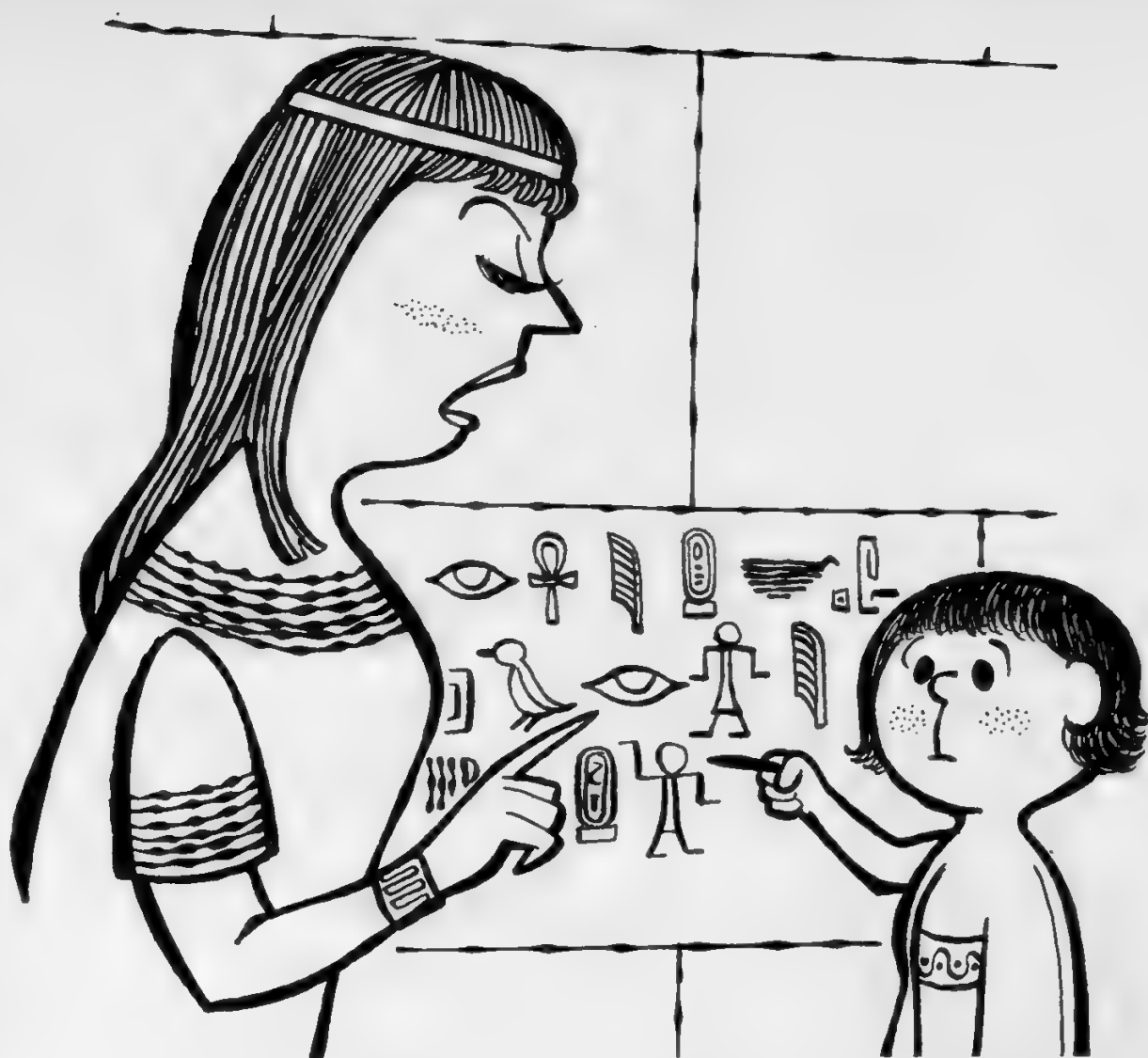
"It spoils the house," Jane said in her loud, uninhibited voice. She was a heavy-bosomed woman with curling white hair and a high colour. In winter she wore sheepskin-lined boots and hairy tweeds; in summer, as now, a collection of shapeless, flowered dresses covered by a gray cardigan. She drove a Land Rover and was always accompanied by two or three sad-eyed retrievers.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Merivale, trying to be firm, something she found difficult in Jane's presence. "They have to have their own entrance."

"That's true enough. You don't want them using your front hall—hideous thought! I don't envy you, my dear Catherine. But be it on your own head. Anyway, there's money in it, which is all that counts."

She turned away to bellow a greeting to Summers, Mrs. Merivale's elderly gardener, who smiled sourly and touched his cap. Summers was obligated to no one, or at least he often said to Janet over mid-morning cups of tea, and he was certain Mrs. Merivale's decision to take tenants "and Yanks at that", would have disagreeable consequences.

Mrs. Merivale had prayed Jane wouldn't appear on the day Lieutenant Brady, selected from a list provided by the Personnel Office at the U.S. Air Base, was due to arrive, but the Land Rover turned into the driveway just ahead of the American's long car. Hiding her annoyance, Mrs. Merivale introduced them, hearing with displeasure Jane's loud voice, louder than usual; almost as though the poor young man were deaf. The Lieutenant, however, had



'How many times have I told you, I before E except after C.'

seemed unperturbed and had admired the retrievers who momentarily shed their cosmic sorrow and lolled out sentimental tongues to lick his hands.

Later, over her solitary dinner, Mrs. Merivale had heard him moving about on his side of the house. She smiled, liking the feeling that someone young was under her roof. But Janet, serving the trifle, also heard and remarked grumpily that it would be a poor do if the child made a disturbance. Those walls were not thick enough. Mrs. Merivale had a brief moment of uncertainty. Everything had gone so well, she had almost forgotten about the child, but with a father like that, it must be well behaved. The wife... Mrs. Merivale dismissed Mrs. Brady summarily. Time enough for her later on. Over coffee, taken in the morning-room which smelt musty and vaguely of the two cats which had preceded Judy, she found herself day-dreaming. It was so long since anyone had come to stay. Perhaps the Lieutenant played tennis. Summers might be persuaded to do something about the court at the bottom of the orchard. But that was ridiculous. It was a mass of weeds. She must keep her thoughts within reasonable

bounds. This young man, in spite of his amiable ways and crisp, bright hair, was still a stranger. She must be firm; must remember the American was not a guest, but a tenant. Nevertheless when Deidre telephoned later to inquire in a commiserating tone how things were going, Mrs. Merivale was surprised to hear the sharpness in her own voice as she told her daughter everything was quite all right. What did Deidre expect?

That was over a month ago and during the intervening time, Mrs. Merivale had arrived at a satisfactory relationship with Lieutenant Brady whereby each enjoyed the other's company at prescribed moments. They usually met by the garages at the end of the day and on one of these occasions, Merivale's small bouncy Hillman sedan turned into the yard just ahead of Brady's Chevrolet. Mrs. Merivale considered the American car to be an expensive monster and dismissed Brady's comment that it was cheap 1958 model due for the scrap-heap with cluckings of tongue and head-shaking. A great thing like that? Absolute nonsense, and what a waste! It was a standing joke between them now that the

Chevrolet would not fit into the small garage Mrs. Merivale had had constructed for her tenant's use, but jutted out three feet beyond the door.

"Just like you Americans to make everything too big for our poor little country," Mrs. Merivale said, comfortably aware that Brady knew exactly what she meant. In fact, the protruding car had come to be a sort of symbol of understanding, which Mark's comment—"Bloody, great vulgar thing, only I wouldn't mind having one if it didn't use too much petrol,"—only served to underline in importance.

Mrs. Merivale could not have explained it to herself, but she felt what amounted to tenderness each time she saw the comic discrepancy between car and garage, and she had come to identify this feeling with her thoughts of Brady.

Tonight returning from a Women's Volunteer Service meeting, she decided to ask her tenant in for a drink, an invitation she had extended only once before and which he had accepted with evident pleasure. The evening from Mrs. Merivale's point of view had at the beginning been a great success. Brady had taken three whiskeys, commented flatteringly on the brand of scotch and listened politely as his hostess told him of all she had been doing during the day and of what she planned to do next day. At ease in her own house, and happy because she had the Lieutenant to herself, Mrs. Merivale chattered contentedly, even telling Brady about "Them", the nebulous term by which she referred to the lower classes among whom she maintained a number of charity cases. Brought up in the tradition of understatement, Mrs. Merivale spoke almost impatiently of her work for the needy. In point of fact, she attacked their problems energetically, briskly fair and condescending, exerting herself with the same efficiency and dispassionate thoroughness which had been the means whereby other Merivales had succeeded in making their fortunes.

Seeing Brady grimace over a stifled yawn, Mrs. Merivale, fearing she was boring him, had suggested a walk in the garden. It was still twilight as they strolled across the wide lawn to the herbaceous border, watched through the window by a disapproving Janet. Brady, sniffing the fragrance of wall-flowers, said it reminded him of his grandmother's place in Maryland where he used to spend his vacations.

Pleased, Mrs. Merivale asked for details of his home life finding them commonplace enough to be endearing. An average middle-class American, she thought happily (or did they have classes? She wasn't quite sure) with a contented childhood; school and university being followed by what he called military service. Only he had decided to enlist as a regular; he liked the life. Mrs. Merivale approved. A soldier's career, or, anyway, an officer's career, was an honourable choice, and she paid no attention when he said modestly he only had a desk job. Wanting to know more, hoping for some deeper confidence, she asked him if he had ever wanted to be anything else,—a politician or a lawyer, as they called it in his country.

He shook his head. "No, I like it this way. I'm satisfied. Short of a million dollars, I guess I don't want anything."

There was a brief hiatus in the conversation while Mrs. Merivale tried mentally to change a million dollars into pounds and Brady fished about for something to say. He was feeling the whiskey; Mrs. Merivale, without knowing had poured doubles each time.

He turned to stare at the house, imposing in the gathering dusk, an Edwardian bulk built from the sweat of more than one Merivale brow.

"It's beautiful," he said, although he didn't really think so. "I'd have liked a house like that. It's just what I expected, so—" He floundered momentarily, then said weakly, "So English."

Delighted but also embarrassed by the undesirable emotion his words induced, Mrs. Merivale sought to distract him as well as herself by showing him the animal graveyard, a small, half-wild plot of ground under two magnificent elms, where Deidre she said, had at various times committed to the earth beloved pets—a parrot, three dogs, a rabbit and a turtle. Each grave was marked by a miniature tombstone engraved with the animals' name.

Brady stared at the mounds, frowning slightly. One small headstone slanted sideways and he stooped to read the name.

"Marigold: Our Faithful Friend."

"My house isn't really old, you know. There are many in the neighborhood which have real historic significance. Hertfordshire is full of them."

Mrs. Merivale, still under the in-

fluence of her recent emotion, felt compelled to speak the truth.

"Of course, we're an established family here, but there are older families. Not that any of them have done more for Cardinals' Rumford than *we* have. I suppose you know we endowed the museum but, dear me, I seem to be boasting."

Impossible to tell him of humbler beginnings, or of the struggle for success about which she herself, having been born when the battle was nearly over, could only guess, but which still somehow continued in the form of her present antagonism against Mark whose family was aristocratic and 'county'.

She was startled from her thoughts which had turned so unexpectedly to what was the basis of her life when Brady said, "No cats?"

She looked at him in bewilderment. "I beg your pardon?"

"Dogs, parrots, rabbits, turtles but no cats. Or maybe you never had cats."

"Why, yes, we had two."

Mrs. Merivale still stared in confusion. Was he being rude?

"I'm sorry. You mustn't pay attention. But if you had cats and they died, why didn't you bury them? It just seemed a little funny that cats aren't counted in, I mean—"

His voice trailed off awkwardly as he noticed Mrs. Merivale was reacting badly and decided he was making a fool of himself.

"Don't mind me, Mrs. Merivale. I'm just a crazy American. Guess I'd better turn in now. You must be tired too."

They had walked back across the lawn in a heavy silence but all the way Mrs. Merivale was turning his question over in her mind. Why hadn't they buried the cats? It had always been left to Summers to dispose of the cats, both the house pets and the stable cats (for Deidre had kept a pony in what was now the garage, but which formerly had been a small stable) yet the dogs and other animals had been taken with ceremony to the veterinary, there to be put to sleep in lethal boxes and later buried by a tearful committee of Deidre and her friends. But why not the cats? Really, she didn't know.

"Really, Lieutenant Brady, I don't know why we never buried the cats. It's quite extraordinary, now that I think of it."

Brady, whose thoughts had taken another tangent, looked at her in surprise. Brother, he really had start-



ed something.

"I shouldn't worry about it, Mrs. Merivale. They're probably happy enough in some animal heaven, or wherever cats go when they die."

"Don't imagine I'm worrying about their souls. I'm simply wondering why there should be a difference between cats and other animals, although I suppose some people do bury them."

As Brady got into bed that night he thought about their curious conversation with a certain amount of shame. Aware he had in some way offended he also knew that he himself had been conscious when looking down at the animal graves of a stifled feeling as though some part of himself had been drawn into communication with the miniature deaths. He tried briefly to sort the problem out, then gave up. But he hoped he hadn't offended the old lady. She was nice. He liked her. Still, all that crap about families . . .

"Tradition, hell," he murmured, and began to think about his wife.

When he told his friend Hank Osborne, a red-haired young civilian who taught adult education at the base, about his evening with Mrs. Merivale, Hank laughed.

"Whiskey and wallflowers. She must love you . . ."

They agreed that the failure to bury cats must be a subtle aspect of class distinction, fully understandable to the English only. Brady, though he contributed his own sardonic remarks to the discussion, nevertheless felt slightly guilty and because he could not understand why, went about for several days hating England.

Now, as Mrs. Merivale parked her car, she was disappointed to see Brady's Chevrolet already in the garage, feeling a strange shyness at the thought of ringing his doorbell—silly, when she thought of it. To her relief, he came to meet her as she walked towards the house, asking if she had had a 'big day', an expression which he knew she enjoyed, and offering to carry her bundles. Mrs. Merivale did not seem to hear. She was staring at him.

"Goodness me, what on earth have you got on!"

He glanced down at his suit, momentarily taken aback, then smiled. He was becoming accustomed to Mrs. Merivale's habit of substituting, without warning, a prolonged reticence for sudden, probing personal questions, verging on rudeness.

"Oh, that," he said. "It's Dacron."

"It's what?"

"Dacron. Cool, crease-resisting, non-shrink, or whatever. Don't you have it in England?"

"No, but perhaps we should." She glanced again at the loose-fitting, grey suit. "You look quite different. But, of course, I'm used to seeing you in uniform."

"Well, you know how it is. A person gets tired of the same old outfit."

He grinned amused at seeing Mrs. Merivale in her own uniform of the W.V.S.—sage-green and severely tailored with a felt hat set straight on her precisely waved, grey hair. He noticed she seemed preoccupied. Couldn't be the cats again, could it? Or maybe it was the Dacron.

"Lieutenant Brady, would you care to come in for some coffee this evening, that is if you're free?"

"Now that's really nice of you, Mrs. Merivale, but you see, I'm just on my way up to London to meet Ann and Johnny. The boat-train got in around noon today. Ann doesn't like flying. We're going to stay a couple of nights in town. I've got some leave."

"Oh—oh, yes. How lovely for you. You will be glad to see your little family. Of course—well, another time."

But would there be another time? she wondered, moving away. She had quite forgotten about the wife. Extraordinary. And, of course, the little boy. She grew aware of Brady still standing by the garage, and turned back, the habit of good manners forcing her to hide her disappointment under a bright, social voice.

"Lieutenant Brady, you and your wife must come to our annual Conservative Garden Party. They always use my garden—it makes Summers so cross, but then he is a crotchety old thing. You might find it quite amusing, but I shall expect you to buy something, at one of the stalls, I mean."

"Why, we'd like to. Ann—"

"The little boy too, of course," she interrupted. "There are swings and roundabouts and a donkey. It's very gay. I think there will even be a film star for the raffle unless the Catholics—they have their's the same day—so tiresome of them, but then—Oh, that reminds me, would you like a ticket?"

"Why, certainly. I'll take two."

"Oh good. Just leave the money with Janet—half-a-crown each. You might win a bottle of whiskey! Good-bye, have a pleasant journey."

She trudged off in her square-toed

black uniform shoes without a backward glance. That evening she took supper in bed on a tray. It had been such an exhausting day, somehow.

The day the Bradys were due back from London, Mrs. Merivale told Janet to make tea for them about five o'clock. She herself would carry the tray to her tenants' flat. A personal welcome might please the wife, but in her imagination it was Brady who gratefully received her offering.

"Make sure there is plenty of bread and butter. Perhaps you'd better bake a cake. The boy will be hungry."

Janet, looking mutinous, replied, "Very good, Madam," but later she told Summers the trouble was beginning. Summers, in the early throes of his annual agony brought on by apprehensive thoughts of many feet tramping down his grass during the Garden Party, acquiesced gloomily. From his point of view, the advent of a small child about the place was only another item of complaint to add to his daily list. He blew on his tea and settled back to a pleasurable discussion with Janet of the unfairness of life, his in particular.

Toward five o'clock Judy, on patrol in the driveway, erupted into frenzied barking and Janet heaved herself from her chair and started preparations for tea. Simultaneously, Mrs. Merivale appeared, looking agitated.

"The tea, Janet."

"I'm making it, Madam."

Janet showed her resentment by clattering the cups and saucers loudly but Mrs. Merivale paid no attention. She couldn't be bothered with Janet now, and even when the latter grudgingly offered to carry the tray, brushed the suggestion aside.

It was awkward trying to hold the tray and ring the Brady's doorbell, but she managed and stood nervously waiting. Perhaps she was putting herself out too much, but after all they were her guests in a manner of speaking.

From within, a man's voice shouted, "Say, Art, there's someone at the door. Want me to get it?"

Mrs. Merivale heard the voice with alarm. Who could that be? She only had tea for three. The door opened suddenly and she looked down to see a close-cropped tow head and two large blue eyes staring up at her. The child, Johnny.

"Hi, you want my Mommy?"

"Oh, good afternoon, yes, dear, if you would just—"

"I'm awfully sorry. Johnny you go call Daddy like a good boy."

A young woman came forward,

smiling. She had dark, curling hair and wore slanting glasses which gave her round face a piquant look. Mrs. Merivale had not expected the glasses. "You must be Mrs. Brady. I'm Mrs. Merivale. I thought you might like some tea after your journey."

"That's terribly kind of you, uh, won't you come in. Art! Here's Mrs. Merivale."

Brady appeared. He wore his Dacron suit but his tie was loosened and his collar undone. He smiled widely.

"Mrs. Merivale, well, now, this is wonderful. Come on in. We're just having a few drinks, a housewarming, you might say. How about joining us?"

"Art, Mrs. Merivale has brought us some tea."

"But that's great. Ann, your first day in jolly old Cardinals' Rumford you have tea."

He seized the tray and carried it off while Ann Brady smiled at Mrs. Merivale apologetically.

"Don't mind Art, please. We've been celebrating a little."

There was an explosion of angry yapping and Judy, who had been furtively exploring, pattered down the hall, pursued by Johnnie who shouted, "A dog, Mommy. See, a dog!"

"Well, for heaven's sake, I know it's a dog. Leave it alone dear. I'm sorry, Mrs. Merivale. He's just a little over-excited. The trip and all."

Brady returned and in spite of Mrs. Merivale's protests, led her into the living room where a red-haired young man with a glass in his hand stood up, looking at her expectantly. Brady introduced them and Mrs. Merivale, feeling her command of the situation slipping away, said curtly, "Hank, what an odd name. It must be American."

She tried to refuse the glass of sherry Brady thrust into her hand, but he insisted and she sat down on the edge of the couch, the drink untouched, while Hank and Brady downed theirs in a toast to "Mrs. Merivale and dear old Cardinals' Rumford," refilling their glasses at once.

Wishing nothing but to escape from this room—her room—almost unrecognizable under the confusion of suitcases, coats, a duffle-bag spilling toys, bright magazines dumped haphazardly, the bottles and the glasses—so many bottles—Mrs. Merivale fixed her eyes on the tea-tray as on an old friend. They were drunk, of course, all three of them.

She started, spilling a little of her

sherry as Judy, barking wildly, rushed back into the room, Johnny following.

"Mommy, the dog won't let me pet it. Mommy, I want to pet the dog."

"Now, darling, just leave the little dog alone."

Johnny broke away from his mother. "I'm going out," he said in a matter-of-fact voice, and ran down the hall.

There was a silence broken only by Judy's muted growling coming from under the table where she had taken refuge. Hank was staring intently into his half-filled glass, and Brady, his tie more than ever on one side, rocked on his heels, smiling vacantly.

Ann Brady turned to Mrs. Merivale

and they spoke together—

"I'm sorry, Johnny—"

"It was so nice—"

"Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Merivale. What were you saying?"

"Only that I must go. Thank you so much."

She fished in the pocket of her dress. "Before I forget, Lieutenant Brady, here is the program of events for the Garden Party."

Hurrying across the driveway, she saw Johnny near the bit lime tree, loud with bees. He was scratching meditatively in the earth and did not look up as Judy growled threateningly.

Mrs. Merivale walked on. What could she say to the child? Closing her own front door gratefully, she remembered the tea-tray. Janet would have to fetch it later. She cer-

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tainly had no intention of returning it. For the first time she directed angry thoughts toward Brady, but suppressed them. One could not in fairness criticize a man merely for having a wife and child.

Several hours later Brady noticed the tea-tray. The room was crowded now with friends from the base, and their wives. Brady was drunk in the way he liked best, with what he thought of as his better feelings uppermost. He stared at the cups and saucers, the untouched cake (although bread and butter had vanished) and was gripped by a remorse not wholly alcoholic. Mrs. Merivale was such a nice old lady—she was so—

"Ann, I think I'll take this back" he said solemnly.

"Oh, Art, wait until morning. They'll be in bed now. You'll disturb them."

"No, got to return kindness with kindness."

He picked up the tray and walked unsteadily to the door. Outside, the night air smelled sweetly of the lime tree. Brady inhaled deeply as he walked to Mrs. Merivale's door, carrying the tray like an offering. He felt an enormous satisfaction with himself. The sound of the doorbell fractured the night's stillness like a blow and Brady winced. From the depths of the house, he heard Judy yapping hysterically and his self-approval began to evaporate. Damn that dog; why didn't it shut up?

He stepped back, feeling foolish as the porch light blazed down. The door opened and Janet in a dressing-gown, looked at him coldly, Judy snarling with false courage in the background.

Brady held out the tray; the light gleamed on his blond hair.

"I thought—," he began and was stopped by the sound of Mrs. Merivale's voice calling from upstairs.

"Who is it, Janet?" What do they want!"

She sounded frightened. Oh, for Christ's sake.

"It's only the Lieutenant with the tea-tray, Madam."

Mrs. Merivale made no reply, and in her silence Brady felt complete condemnation of his presence. He thrust the tea-tray toward Janet.

"Thought you might want it for breakfast—"

"Thank you, but we could have waited," said Janet with a sarcastic smile. "Goodnight—sir." She added the 'sir!' like a malicious echo of her disdain.

Brady walked away. These British, he thought furiously. Who did the maid think she was, looking at him that way! Suppose it was a little late—hell, he hadn't meant any harm. A great sense of injury rose up in him and Ann's remark on hearing of his reception: "I told you to wait," only exaggerated his hurt pride. He finished off the evening by getting very drunk, waking next morning with a hangover and a confused feeling that he had insulted someone.

Mrs. Merivale's awakening had its own form of hangover. She lay in bed sipping her early morning tea and trying to ignore Janet's indignant references to Brady's party as well as his own visit with the tea tray. Probably, Mrs. Merivale reflected, he had no intention of being ill-mannered; in point of fact, he only meant to be kind. She invented an imaginary conversation between them in which he apologized and she explained the shameful shrillness of her voice ("Just two old women in the house—my dear boy, of course I was frightened") But it was all wrong. For one thing, she had never called him 'my dear boy'.

"And the hullabaloo when they left," Janet said. "You'd have thought they were parting forever. Drunk, I expect."

Mrs. Merivale agreed, but silently, and remembering the shrieks, the banking doors and the loud proclamations of car engines, she hardened her resolution to make a complaint. This, she decided grimly, would have to stop.

Some of the grimness remained on her face as she walked toward the garage. Ann Brady, neat and domestic in a yellow apron, was hanging out washing and Mrs. Merivale thought how maddening it would be if she were forced to meet this young woman every morning. But there was really no other place for a clothes-line.

Ann's apology for last night's disturbance was mollifying but Mrs. Merivale stiffened again as Johnny, both hands clutching an assortment of flowers, came running through the door of the red brick wall which hid the main garden. The child had no business there. It was clearly stated in the lease that tenants could use only the ground in front of the house, a stretch of ragged grass under ancient fruit trees. But the back of the house was forbidden, and now here was this child not only trespassing but obviously picking the flow-

ers! What would Summers say? He must not be upset, he mustn't! She couldn't afford to lose him.

"Oh, Johnny," said Ann helplessly.

She did not need Mrs. Merivale's disapproval stated in words. Her expression was enough.

"I really cannot allow your little boy in that part of my garden, Mrs. Brady. You only have to read the terms of the lease to—"

"I'm sorry. I'll see it doesn't happen again," said Ann coldly.

At that moment, Judy, sniffing with wary ambivalence at the back of Johnny's legs, decided in favour of hatred and retreated toward the garage in a flurry of outraged barking. Johnny, casting his flowers to the ground, started to follow, but his mother held him back.

"Isn't your dog a little noisy, Mrs. Merivale?"

"She's not used to people. We've always led such a peaceful life."

Mrs. Merivale walked away, unable to expose further the depth of her agitation. Really, she had no desire to quarrel but she was quite within her rights to mention the lease. At the back of her mind hovered the thought that if Ann were one of "Them!" she could have dealt far better with the situation, not realizing that both her seemingly detached attitude and the cutting tone of her closing remark had reduced Ann to a state of impotent fury.

Brady, listening to his wife's version of the incident, nodded sympathetically. He knew that tone in Mrs. Merivale's voice, but vaguely understood it to be a camouflage. He tried to explain this to Ann, but she accused him of taking Mrs. Merivale's part.

"Do we have to thank her for living? Ye Gods! Don't we pay enough rent! What harm did Johnny do by picking a few flowers in that big, wasted garden?"

When she put it that way, Brady could not help agreeing with Ann. Except for their visit to the animal graveyard, he had never once seen Mrs. Merivale walking in her garden, but then he wasn't around all the time. Maybe she spent hours contemplating the wallflowers. Nevertheless, an apology was in order because, strictly speaking, Johnny had trespassed. Ann saw no point in such a strategy, hadn't she already apologized? The discussion ended in a violent quarrel and the next time Brady

encountered Mrs. Merivale in the drive, his greeting was formal as though they were only vague acquaintances. He felt a slight compunction as he walked on, but he had promised Ann he would not be too friendly. Besides, he was a little tired himself of all this rank-pulling.

For Mrs. Merivale, Brady's coldness was like a declaration of war. She opened her mouth to speak but no words came. It was almost like a personal loss. "How tiresome," she murmured aloud. "How tiresome of him," and could not for a mement remember, as she climbed into her car, where she was going.

She began to sleep badly, and put it down to the exigencies of the approaching Garden Party and to Summers who was more than usually intractable. She formed the habit of leaving the house at the times when she could almost be sure Mrs. Brady would not be hanging out her washing and on her way to the garage would avert her eyes from the line of fragile underclothes, shirts belonging to Brady and the sturdy, bright clothing worn by the child. It was all so intimate, somehow, giving her the uncomfortable feeling that she was seeing something that ought not to be made public.

Occasionally from her bedroom window, she noticed Johnny and his mother wandering about in their part of the garden and something alien and forlorn about the pair filled her with a quick compassion which, she could not understand it, she hastily subdued.

One evening, a few days before the Garden Party, Mrs. Merivale came home to find Dr. Ulrich's car in the drive. How strange. Dr. Westbury was the Merivale family doctor, although of course, most of the townspeople used Dr. Ulrich. What could be the trouble?

"It's the boy," announced Janet as Mrs. Merivale entered the kitchen where Summers was also waiting with an expression on his face that his employer over the years had grown to dread. It was a mixture of deep gloom and pleasure and appeared on occasions such as the time Mrs. Appleton's dog dug up all the lettuce seedlings or the time when the greenhouse roof fell in.

"Ay, the boy. Fell in the pond. Hoiked him out with a garden fork."

"Then he's all right?"

"Oh, ay, but he won't go there again in a hurry."

"The doctor—"



"It's about time we had another office party, Harry. You get the booze and I'll take down the Think signs."

"Mrs. Brady started creating so I telephoned Dr. Ulrich, Madam." Janet's voice was smug. "I thought you would prefer not to have Dr. Westbury under the circumstances."

"Nonsense, Janet, if the child needed—"

"The lad didn't ought to go where he's not meant to," interrupted Summers, ponderous as his own turf roller. "I reckon he'd 've drowned if it hadn't been I'd shut off the mower and heard him a carrying on."

Mrs. Merivale looked at them with shocked eyes. How perfectly frightful. The pond could be dangerous for a small child, but as Summers said, the boy should not have gone into the garden. Where, for heaven's sake, was his mother at the time? She started to ask, then decided protocol plus her own feelings demanded other action. Hurrying across to the Brady's wing, she arrived just as the doctor's car drove off. Brady stood by his front door and as she approached turned to look at her. He did not smile and she thought "Poor lamb, it has been a worry" preparing to condole and sympathize, even, if need be, apologize for possessing a pond so dangerous. But when he spoke, the defiance in his voice acted like an emotional foreclosure on her friendly intentions.

"Good evening, Mrs. Merivale. Looks like the Bradys have trespassed again."

"Oh, now really—but tell me, how's the—How's Johnny?"

"The boy, as you were about to

say, is fine, just fine, although he wouldn't have been if your gardener hadn't gotten there when he did. We're certainly grateful to him, and the cook was nice too and so was the doctor—everbody was swell."

"Your wife—?"

"She's fine too—oh, I get it, you want to know why she wasn't with Johnny when he fell in. Well, you see it's this way, Mrs. Merivale, she hasn't a cook and she hasn't a gardener, and she works hard at keeping this place clean for me and she cooks and washes and sometimes she answers the telephone, and that's what she was doing when Johnny ran out. She thought he'd gone to the front part but he hadn't. No, he trespassed and he nearly drowned because—"

To her horror, Mrs. Merivale heard herself say, "I'm frightfully sorry it happened, Lieutenant Brady, but the fact is it wouldn't 've if your little boy had stayed where he belongs." (But he shouldn't have spoken to her like that—not to *her*!)

She never forgot the look of scorn Brady gave her, nor the way his voice trembled slightly as he said, "No, ma'am, I guess that's the truth. Shall we skip the rest?"

He brushed a hand quickly over the blond stubble of his hair, offering her a quick, ironic little bow and went inside, closing the door on everything she wanted to say, and now never would.

After that, she made a special effort to avoid meeting any of the Brady



family. Deidre and Mark, to whom she told the story, mainly because an obscure sense of guilt forced her to seek allies, said she was absolutely right. The child had no business in the garden but, of course, it was his mother's fault for not looking after him better. Mrs. Merivale did not feel comforted.

The day of the Garden Party came and went. Everyone said how successful it had been and Mr. Rutherford, the M.P. made a speech on behalf of the local Conservative Party thanking Mrs. Merivale for her generosity.

But the Bradys did not come.

Mrs. Merivale looked for them, even walking to the far end of the grounds, where a small, sour-faced grey donkey trotted up and down for the benefit of successive, jouncing children on his back, but Johnny was not among them.

Late that night, she heard their car drive in and wondered if they had deliberately stayed away. Annoyed with herself, she tried to dismiss the thought, but it persisted. At this stage of the battle, she was close to admitting defeat.

Everything was easier when it rained. Even a meeting with Brady near the garage could be passed over with no more than an acknowledgment on either side as each hurried to shelter, and for ten days Mrs. Merivale, her own mood as overcast as the sky, saw almost nothing of her tenants, until one Sunday morning when she awoke to bright sunshine and a sound of hammering below her bedroom window.

She glanced at her bedside clock. Ten already! Janet had not brought the tea. Then she remembered saying the night before that she must have sleep. Dr. Westbury had prescribed some pills and she had taken three of them. Janet had brought hot milk to wash them down, disapprovingly accepting Mrs. Merivale's decision to forego early morning tea as if it were in some way a measure of her employer's gradual moral decline.

Below, the hammering grew louder, accompanied by whistling, and Mrs. Merivale got out of bed and walked to the window, her dressing-gown draped over her shoulders. Under the fruit trees nearest the drive, Brady, wearing a pale blue shirt and faded khaki trousers, was hammering nails into various lengths of board. Johnny stood beside him watching intently and Mrs. Merivale, a trifle maudlin from the drug, momentarily allowed all past mis-

understandings to be submerged under a huge tenderness for those two blond heads, yes, two, she thought in surprise. The last fumes of the drugs cleared and she took a grip on the collar of her dressing-gown, pulling it close. What in heaven's name was he doing! And right in the middle of the front garden! To be precise, exactly opposite her front door. A monstrosity—a *thing*—on wooden legs!

She dressed hurriedly and all through breakfast—for she felt she must have strength to deal with this latest complication—her thoughts hovered about Brady and the object he was constructing. She tried reading the Sunday papers, but they made no sense. Janet, clearing the table, guessed Mrs. Merivale's thoughts.

"He's been at it since before nine," she said acidly. "Woke me up, all that hammering. You'd do well, Madam, to find out what's going on. Every time you open your front door from now on there'll be that peculiar thing staring you in the face."

"But it's their part of the garden," said Mrs. Merivale, feeling Janet should not be permitted to ignore the boundaries of justice. "That will do, Janet," she added, seeing there was more to come.

That will do, she repeated silently, turning the phrase over as if she had uttered it for the first time. Will do what? She cast aside her paper and trotted purposefully to the front door. As she opened it she was astonished to find she was breathing fast. Extraordinary.

"Good morning."

The sun welcomed her, but she ignored it, concentrating on the task in hand.

"Good morning, Mrs. Merivale."

Brady had turned, hammer in hand. She noticed a line of sweat around his strong neck (The poor dear, said her treacherous mind. How hard he's been working) before permitting her eyes to take in the structure behind him. Johnny stared up at her solemnly and she nodded to him. He said nothing, but began to kick a piece of wood importantly. Mrs. Merivale noticed Judy's head rising over a clump of grass, but the dog seemed indifferent, both to her mistress and her enemy.

"May I ask what that is?"

She felt compelled to repeat her question for Brady merely stood in silence, a look of politeness on his face, waiting, she felt, for her to be gone.

"You seem to be building some-

thing and since it happens to be opposite my front door, perhaps I might be told what it is?"

Brady smiled. She had not seen him like that since—well, since he first came. She felt herself yielding, and deliberately forced back an answering smile.

"Oh, that. It's a rabbit hutch for Johnny. Not exactly a masterpiece, but not bad. Mr. Summers lent me the tools and I got a carpenter at the base to give me the wood. We plan to keep four rabbits; I'm buying them from the market on Thursday."

He was watching her carefully and she understood he expected a negative reaction. Carefully controlled, she said, "How nice. Johnny will like that. But make sure you buy healthy rabbits."

"Oh, we'll do that all right. Otherwise, we might have to borrow your animal graveyard, with your permission, of course."

She did not miss the insolence in his voice and was humiliated to find herself responding physically. Her heart muscles seemed to twist violently and she put a hand to her breast without knowing she had done so.

"Lieutenant Brady, I—you—"

"I've seen it! I've seen the animal graveyard."

As he spoke, Johnny regarded her with excited, blue eyes. She looked at him uncertainly when he pointed at Judy, saying, "Will you bury her there when she dies? Will you?"

"Yes, I expect so, I don't really know."

She glanced again at Brady, but he was studying the rabbit hutch, his head on one side.

"Not a bad job," he said, "not bad at all for an amateur."

There was a pause, while both of them stared at the hutch. Mrs. Merivale found herself thinking of Jane Mallet.

"My God! Catherine. This is the end. You can't have the bloody thing on your front doorstep."

The loud voice seemed so close that she wondered if Brady had heard it too. He was still studying his handiwork. Something about the way he stood, a kind of expectancy evincing itself merely because he kept his back to her, made Mrs. Merivale realize suddenly what she must do. In a voice as steady as she could keep it, she offered him what he wanted.

"You must know, of course, that I cannot have this object outside my front door. It's quite, quite impossible."

He turned around swiftly and she saw with a strange emotion, compounded of love and sadness, the triumph on his face.

"But it's *our* part of the garden, Mrs. Merivale."

She straightened her back, daring to look at him direct. How young he is, she thought, how . . .

"Of course, you're quite right. I'd forgotten. Well, then, there's nothing more to be said."

She snapped her fingers, calling, "Here, Judy, come along now," then turned and walked back to the house, hurrying a little, shoulders slightly hunched.

Judy heaved herself reluctantly from the grass and followed at Mrs. Merivale's heels, short tail jutting over her fat back, ears flapping. As the front door closed behind them, Brady made an involuntary gesture with one hand, as if in appeal. Then he shrugged and turned to smile down on Johnny.

"Come on, pal, we've got work to do."

THE END

## SOO LING

Continued from page 15

tioned him to a chair. Ling hesitated. "Sit down," Mike ordered. Ling obeyed.

"We can skip all the 'therefores' and 'whereases' and all that jazz." He ran a finger down the page. "Here we go, ready or not." He read. "To my wife, whose conduct has never been beyond reproach as proven by certain photographs in the files of the Dixon Investigating Service, I give and bequeath the sum of \$2000 to be paid on the first of every month for the remainder of her natural life."

Gloria stifled a yawn and leaned back in her chair.

"Providing," Mike read on, "she remains my wife at the time of my death."

Gloria went rigid.

Mike grinned. "To my beloved sister, Mrs. Laurie Weber, I leave \$100,000 to be paid in a lump sum following the settling of my estate. Said sum will not, however, be paid unless claimant can show that she has forsaken all vanities and worldliness and has devoted herself unselfishly to charitable work with the Daughters of the Downtrodden located at 517 Brentolier Boulevard in the city of Los Angeles, California."

"Michael!" Laurie cried, her hands fluttering up to touch her elaborate coiffure and coming finally to

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rest on her Hattie Carnegie clad bosom. "Oh, how could you, Michael!" she wailed, and collapsed against Christian's shoulder.

Mike pointed to Christian who was supporting his swooning mother. "To my cherished nephew, Christian Weber, I do give and bequeath my four race horses valued at \$275,000 with the stipulation that this bequest be granted only upon rendering of proof that said nephew was gainfully employed at the time of my death and earning not less than \$5000 annually."

"Work?" Christian bleated.

"Staley, you're next," Mike said placidly. "To Dr. Arthur Staley, I give and bequeath all my stocks and bonds upon the single condition that said physician show valid proof that he has applied himself diligently and conscientiously to the maintenance of my health during my lifetime, commencing from the date of this, my last will and testament."

"Naturally!" Dr. Staley spluttered. "You're my patient. A doctor's duty is—"

"Can it!" Mike roared. "Now, Ling, let's see what goodies we have here for the faithful, loyal, devoted manservant. 'To my faithful, loyal, devoted manservant, Soo Ling, in appreciation of his years of dedicated service, I give and bequeath the real estate as defined in Deed 41139 and the dwelling thereon known as Hawk House. In the event that said manservant should have left my service prior to my death, this clause becomes null and void and said real estate is to be sold at public auction and the proceeds given to the charities named in paragraphs 9a and 11c.'"

"Thank you, sir," Soo Ling said softly. "Shall I serve more coffee?"

"Better get the bourbon," Gloria said sharply. "Better bring out the booze. We can all use it."

Soo Ling, unnoticed, stepped to Dr. Staley's side. "Mrs. Panopolous," he said softly, "often walks beside the pool in the moonlight." He moved on, carrying coffee cups to the kitchen. When he returned, Dr. Staley was absent. Soo Ling waited until Gloria stood apart from the others, staring moodily into the dregs of her drink. As he passed her, he paused momentarily and whispered, "Fresh air clears the brain just as love lifts the heart."

Gloria stared at him questioningly but he did not meet her gaze. She glanced through the open french doors and glimpsed the familiar figure moving among the thick honeysuckle

vines that bordered the pool walk. She casually left the room.

Mike was expounding on his philosophy of life to a shattered Laurie who was trying to envision herself bereft of the little French girl who knew just how to touch up graying hair, and to Christian, who was busily thinking of his uncle's four race horses and the money they represented and weighing them in relentlessly merciless scales against the detestable prospect of regular, productive labor in some dreary downtown office.

Soo Ling snapped on the stereoset and placed a Debussy on the turntable. The muted music invaded the room like some subtle perfume. He stepped behind the small bar and expertly mixed a manhattan for Laurie and poured scotch for Christian. Gracefully, he pressed the drinks on them as he had been told to do earlier in the evening, ignoring their anticipated protests. Mike sprang to his assistance, bellowing, "Come on, drink up. Eat, drink and get smashed!"

He escorted his sister to a huge, overstuffed armchair. She sank into it with a soulful sigh, like the Titanic surrendering to the vast ocean waiting to swallow it.

Mike then stepped cautiously out onto the patio where he concealed himself behind the honeysuckle vines. Now, he thought, now comes the snapper—the planned end to a perfect evening. Beautiful but boozy Gloria, he thought with delight, never could conceal her—he sought a word—her *contacts* with other men. He listened eagerly.

Gloria: "God, that man!"

Staley: "A ghastly performance. Right out of Grand Guignol."

Gloria: "If I divorce him now, I'll lose everything. Arthur, what are we going to do?"

Staley: "Darling, don't cry. Here, take my handkerchief."

Mike viewed the kiss with clinical detachment. He wanted to laugh. He didn't. Instead, he squared his shoulders, gritted his teeth and fairly leaped on the two of them.

"Staley!" he shouted. "Get your hands off her!"

Dr. Staley, confused and startled, released Gloria and spun around to face Mike.

Gloria's mouth opened and remained petrified in a symmetrical, crimson O.

"Couldn't wait, could you, Staley?" Mike stormed, reveling in the role of injured husband. "You heard the will. I should have listed her in it. For you, of course. But things

aren't done that way. And even if I had, you forget that *I'm not dead yet!*"

Mike reached out and gripped Gloria's arm. She released a tentative wail, whether from fear or dismay, Mike was unable to tell. Staley reacted predictably. He lunged at Mike. Mike stepped aside. All Mike's hatred of the Staleys and the Glorias and, yes, the Mikes, surged up within him and momentarily blurred his vision. He drew back his fist and flung it forward into the hated face before him. Gloria screamed as Staley fell. The *thunk* as his head hit the concrete walk was sickening.

Gloria, sobbing as she struggled, succeeded in wrenching her arm free and, as Mike reached out to seize her a second time, she shoved him away with all the force she could muster and fled, almost colliding with Soo Ling as he materialized on the short path leading to the house.

Mike stumbled backward, teetered, and plunged into the pool. He rose to the surface, waving his arms helplessly and spluttering. Soo Ling stared impassively as Mike battled to stay afloat, threshing wildly about in the water. "Can't swim!" Soo Ling heard him gasp. "Can't—!"

Calmly, Soo Ling knelt beside the crumpled form of Dr. Staley, automatically searching for the throb of a pulse. He found none. He rose to his feet slowly, thinking. He had heard it said that drowning was not a difficult death. There were worse ways to die. He dived into the water. He saved his master's life.

Now, almost two years later, Soo Ling walked alone along the Los Angeles streets, conscious of nothing save the clocks which seemed to be everywhere.

Soo Ling recalled the celebrated trial of Mike Panopolous and how Laurie Weber had tearfully testified that her brother was indeed a violent man, subject to uncontrollable fits of rage. Christian labeled him sadistic. Gloria freely admitted the nature of her relationship with the late Dr. Staley and added that Michael Panopolous had more than once threatened to kill the good doctor. No one doubted her word. Soo Ling described what the district attorney called the "callous, obviously premeditated murder" in grim detail.

Suddenly, somewhere, a clock chimed eleven. Somewhere else, cyanide pellets dropped into a pool of hydrochloric acid beneath the chair in which Mike Panopolous was strapped. Soo Ling smiled. THE END

## VACATION

Continued from page 60

alone among the reflected lights.

"Where's your friend?" Mrs. G. heard herself asking.

"Oh, he left. He gave up."

They were passing the children's carousel—the horses sadly still in the darkness.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

"Here? No."

"We come here every summer. I like the ocean. It's so clean and fresh and relaxing," she said in a voice that did not sound like hers.

They were on the boardwalk now, under the amber lights that extended endlessly in either direction. They stopped. To Mrs. G. it was suddenly like some unbelievable, yet too-real nightmare, or like the ride in the darkness when she was not sure what was going to happen next.

Mrs. G. and the boy regarded each other.

"Let's go look at the water," he said.

Far down the boardwalk a few figures moved dreamily along in the yellow emptiness. Here, here where the throngs drift back and forth in the hot sun and the benches are filled from morning till night, Mrs. G. knew she must decide. But it were as if she had no choice. Slowly, she went down the wooden stairs to the beach, took off her shoes, and began to walk beside the boy across the sand towards the restless ocean.

The boy led her along the beach to a steel pier reaching far out into the water. Stooping slightly, he made his way under the pier and drew Mrs. G. along with him. Underneath, it was cold and damp and smelled like a tomb. Perhaps it was the closeness and massiveness of the structure above her head: the surrounding forest of hug black pillars silhouetted against the ocean: the boy's sudden crude love-making: the brutal pounding of the waves in the darkness—but Mrs. G. knew that now reality was somewhere far behind her, that now there was only this nightmare that would not end, like other nightmares, upon awakening.

"I want to go," she said.

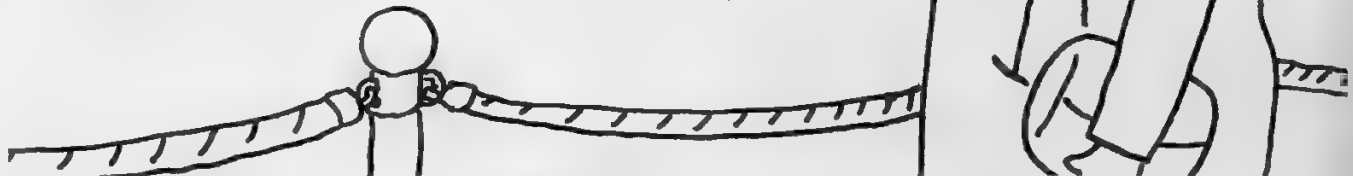
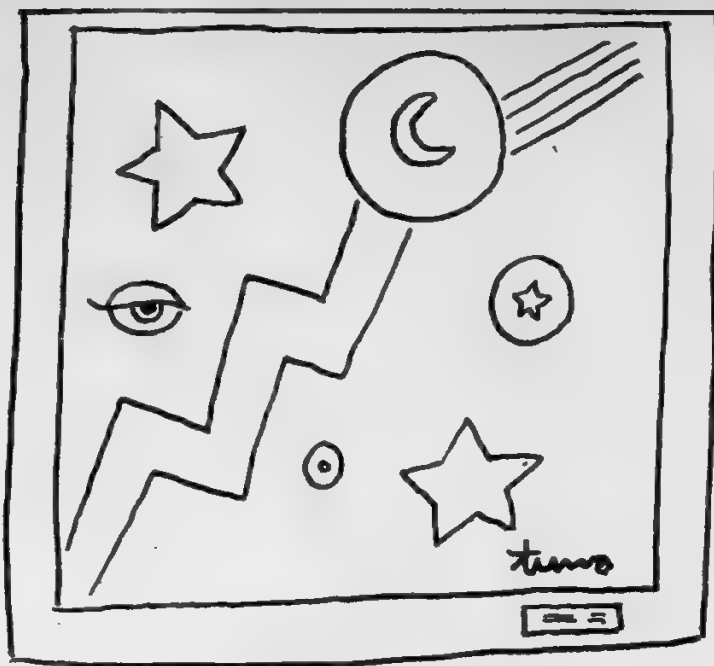
The boy pulled her down upon the wet sand.

"Please," she cried, "I want to go back to my husband."

"Not yet, you don't."

"Please," she begged and she began to cry.

The boy took a handkerchief from



"I know what he's trying to say—he's trying to say he can't paint worth a damn."

his hip pocket and stuffed it into Mrs. G's mouth.

The fierce pulse of the ocean shook the earth. The waves smashed beneath the pier and receded and smashed again, their mighty blasts echoing and re-echoing in the blackness.

Mrs. G. was in bed when the door opened and her husband came in. He did not turn on the light. "Claire," he said softly, but she did not answer. She heard him moving about, quietly undressing in the darkness, placing his keys and his change on the glass top of the dresser. He belched once and crawled easily into bed beside her. He smelled of beer. In a matter of seconds he was sound asleep.

Mrs. G. cried into her pillow. The whole horrible thing repeated itself over and over in her mind like a record she was destined to hear for a lifetime. The dark hours dragged by. She could not stop shivering. She hated herself. She had no right to be in the same bed with her husband. She had betrayed him.

Mrs. G. did not sleep at all that night. In fact, she wondered if she would ever sleep again.

After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. G. took a picture of each other in front of the hotel and asked a man who was passing to take a picture of the two of them together. They were on the beach early, lying in the soft warm

sand, soaking up the morning sun.

Like the big white cloud in the sky above her, Mrs. G's tension gradually began to break up and scatter and disappear. She no longer could feel quite as guilty about what had happened. In a way it had been like a force of nature, far beyond her control, she thought, like a quiet river suddenly flooding the land, or a tree split in two by lightning, or a flower growing out of a rock.

Later in the morning, for the want of something to do, Mr. and Mrs. G. strolled down the beach as far as the steel pier. Mrs. G. followed her husband under the pier and they stood there beside each other, silently impressed. The tide was in, and the powerful waves that came lashing and roaring under the pier gently caressed the great round pillars as they receded, washing the sand clean and smooth.

"That's something," said Mr. G.

"It scares me," she said.

Out in the bright hot sun again, her feet in the deep clean sand, Mrs. G. felt a sudden mysterious happiness. She pinched her husband's arm lightly. They looked at each other and smiled.

"I know what," she said gaily. "Let's look for some pretty colored stones to put around the plants when we get back home."

THE END



Continued from page 48

- 1 large clove garlic, mashed
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish

Combine all ingredients in a bowl and beat until well blended. Chill until ready to serve. Beat again just before serving.

Readers who have ventured into the world of fine cookery will be aware that all recipes in each of the articles published in *Swank* emphasize simplicity. The role of chef does not demand a frightening trip into unknown potables and foreign phrases. It *does* demand a willingness to try something new; not difficult, just new.

Snacks were mentioned before. Spreads of all varieties have been promoted for party giving through the past few years with an increasing volume of advertising. Powdered soups and sour cream with offshoots are common. But here is one that fits in with your beer theme which will be provocative.

## Vienna Cheese Spread

- 1 pound cream cheese
- 1/4 pound butter
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- 1/4 cut beer
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1/8 teaspoon dry mustard

- 1 tablespoon chopped scallions or chives
- 1 tablespoon chopped capers
- 1 teaspoon caraway seeds

Beat together the cream cheese, butter, sour cream, and beer. Blend in the paprika, mustard, chives, capers, and caraway seeds. Turn into a bowl or shape into a mound. Chill. Serve with pumpnickel or crackers.

Perhaps a word of reassurance is needed at this point. Beer or ale (interchangeable in most cases), used properly, turns the most ordinary foods into an exceptional party. Guests accustomed to off-the-cuff parties where beer dominates will admire your ingenuity in creating an *entire* fête around the malt beverage.

The list of recipes incorporating beer is endless. In meat cookery, for example, beer may be used in place of water as the simmering liquid. It brings out all the richness of the meat and vegetables. The alcohol evaporates in the cooking, leaving only the delicate flavors behind to intrigue your guests.

One specimen of the beer-cooking school which should serve as a prerequisite for more advanced dishes follows:

## Broiled Spareribs (serves 12)

- 12 pounds spareribs
- 2 cloves garlic, mashed
- 1 teaspoon ginger salt
- 3/4 cup beer
- 3/4 cup soy sauce

Season spareribs with garlic, ginger and salt. Broil for approximately 1 hour, basting often with sauce made by combining beer and soy sauce.

A quick perusal of the recipes included in this paean to beer takes us almost through an entire meal. It was not our intention to encourage readers to serve sit-down dinners. We hoped to reconcile needs for open houses with examples of beer's versatility in a more elaborate setting. The choice is certainly large. However, since dessert has yet to be reckoned with, we present a dish that will make the entire affair. Students dealing with tomes on economics will welcome the respite and develop their own propensities after they sample the following:

## Beer Baked Bananas (serves 12)

- 12 large firm yellow bananas
- 1 cup beer
- 1 can (6-ounce) frozen orange juice concentrate (undiluted)
- 1/4 cup firmly packed dark brown sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped macadamia nuts
- rind of 1 large orange, grated

Peel bananas and cut in half. Arrange in shallow pan. Mix beer, orange juice concentrate and brown sugar. Pour evenly over bananas. Sprinkle with nuts and orange rind. Bake at 400° for 15 minutes until hot. Serve warm, with some of the juice spooned over each serving.

## ON-CAMPUS ENTERTAINING

The walls of ivy are bending before onslaughts of documented evidence underscoring the changes in undergraduates over the years. Stanford University has led the way in lifting bans on drinking on campus and chides states who still maintain unrealistic minimum age laws for sales of alcoholic beverages.

Hosts at campus parties are able to pick from a wider range of entertainment items and necessities for consumption on the grounds of the university. This article provided one means of making the typical, a typical.

There is no secret society or obscure reference to employ in establishing one's image as a host with flair. Suggestions are available from many sources including the Brewer's Association, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Hosting a party at school is not a sophomoric task. It should be a pleasure for those who approach it with becoming seniority.

THE END



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## SOUNDS OFF

Continued from page 4

probably. To display their wit. To spread the "truth" of their particular hang-up. Perhaps just to communicate with someone else, even though physical contact is impossible. Or perhaps in this automated, computerized, desensitized society, people feel the driving need to assert their individuality and their personal opinions, even in such a crude form.

"I don't believe I like J. Edgar Hoover" was seen written in a somewhat nervous hand on a subway advertisement for canned chop suey. The man who wrote that had obviously considered his judgment carefully, and then had taken the only way he knew to make it public. It may have been a craven method of asserting his opinion, but the ancient Roman who laboriously scraped on a wall "Nero is a lousy fiddle player" would know exactly how he felt.

### Shake Well With Ice

In this country the great Age of the Cocktail was in the 1920s, in the depths of Prohibition, that not-so-Noble Experiment. The reasons are not hard to find: most of the whiskeys, gins, rums and brandies smuggled into this country were of such miserable quality that drinkers were forced to disguise the taste of their drinks with sweet liqueurs, fruit juices, sugar, fresh fruit and almost

anything else that might lessen the sometimes lethal effects of the rotgut that was their main ingredient.

Visit any antique, junk or hock shop in your city, and you're almost certain to find a rather horrendous collection of silver cocktail shakers from the '20's. No well-equipped home was complete without one. Today, it's quite unusual to find a host equipped to serve anything but straight whiskey—in highball or on-the-rocks form—or perhaps a martini and Manhattan. But in the Roaring Twenties, almost every serious drinker was prepared to supply an Earthquake, Pink Lady, Monte Carlo, Angel Face or Bees' Knees on demand.

Lately there seems to have been a revival of interest in the popular cocktails of the 1920s. Perhaps people are tiring of the inevitable martini, Manhattan, Bloody Mary and highballs. Perhaps they are looking for what the TV commercial writers like to call "a new taste sensation." In any event, if you're the adventurous type, here are a few recipes from those dear, dead Prohibition days that may enliven your next bash:

**Honeysuckle:** 1½ ounces of light rum, 1 teaspoon of honey, and the juice of ½ fresh lime. Shake well with ice and strain into a cocktail glass.

**Side Car:** 1 part brandy, 1 part Cointreau, 1 part lemon juice. Shake well with cracked ice. Serve in cocktail glass.

**Harry's Pick-Me-Up:** (Recommended for the Morning After). Two

ounces of cognac, 1 teaspoon of Grenadine, juice of ½ lemon. Shake well with ice and pour into champagne glass. Fill the remainder of the glass with iced champagne.

**September Morn:** Two ounces of light rum, 3 dashes of Grenadine, the juice of ½ fresh lime, the white of 1 egg. Shake well with ice and serve in a cocktail glass.

**Between the Sheets:** Add ½ ounce of light rum, ½ ounce of Triple Sec, ½ ounce of brandy and ½ ounce of lemon juice. Do the usual with shaker, ice and cocktail glass.

**Thistle:** Add 1 part Scotch, 1 part sweet vermouth and 2 dashes of bitters. Stir this, don't shake it, and strain into cocktail glass.

**Mickey Walker:** Add 3 parts Scotch, 1 part sweet vermouth, a dash lemon juice and 1 dash Grenadine. Shake and strain.

**B.V.D.:** Add 1 part gin, 1 part light rum, and 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Beware of this one; it's a real mind-blow.

**Barbary Coast:** Add 1 part gin, 1 part Scotch, 1 part Creme de Cacao and 1 part cream. Shake well with ice and strain into an Old Fashioned glass. And when was the last time you heard of a drink recipe combining Scotch and gin?

**Earthquake:** Add 1 part blended whiskey, 1 part gin, and 1 part Pernod. Shake and strain.

No use going into your local bar and asking the man behind the counter to fix one of these. Unless he's an oldtimer or keeps a Bartender's Guide handy, chances are he won't be able to mix one of them for you—unless it might be a Side Car.

The best place to try these is in the privacy of your own home. After two or three of them, we guarantee you won't feel like going out!

### Mad Ave Whimsy

Latest gag making the rounds of Madison Avenue concerns the high-powered executive who hired a nubile young secretary, chased her around her desk for a few days, finally caught her, and enjoyed several months of office activity that had nothing to do with the advertising business.

But the young lady, fed up with promises the exec had made and never fulfilled ("I'll buy you the moon, baby!"), stormed into his office one day after lunch and stated, "Boss, I've found a new position."

"Great," the exec enthused. "We must try it at once!"

See you next issue!



"We'd like a room without a bath, man."

LUTNER

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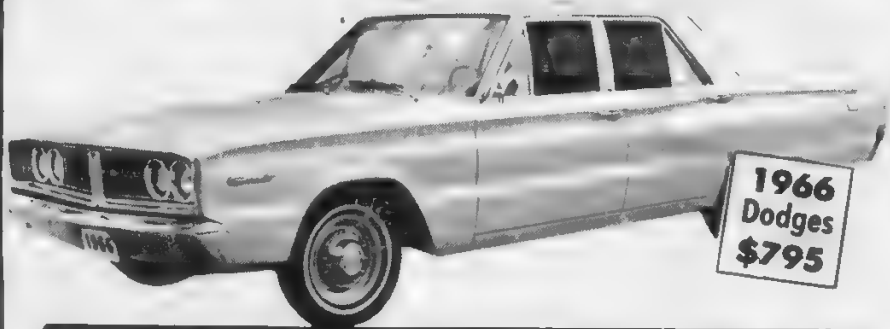
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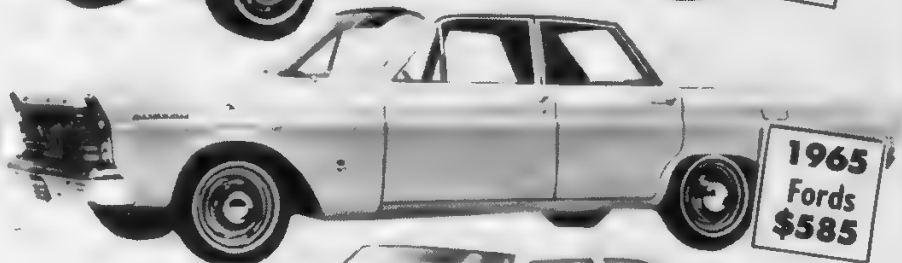
**\*1967  
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Continued from page 32

One—and possibly the leading—among the four heirs-apparent to the gigantic Getty business-complex, Young Paul does show countless traits and qualities that are identical to those the world has observed in his father.

J. Paul Getty's own father was a millionaire—but as far back as 1909, J. Paul was working in the Oklahoma oil fields as well-rigger, doing the rough, tough and dirty jobs that the work called for without a murmur of protest.

Young Paul followed suit a generation later. He worked his way into the family business from the bottom. As a youth, he wiped windshields and pumped gas in some of the several hundred filling stations owned by his father. Later, he spent long, gruelling months in the hellishly hot Persian Gulf, where the Getty Oil Co. has enormously productive and profitable oil fields. His salary: about \$400 per month.

Not that the pay meant much. Young Paul has always been financially well fixed. His mother, Ann Rork, received liberal financial settlements and child-support allowances when she was divorced from J. Paul Getty. Besides, Paul Jr.—like all the Getty sons—is a beneficiary of a huge trust fund established by his paternal grandmother and father in the late 1930s. The value of the fund has never been made public, but Wall Street observers estimate it to be at least \$100,000,000 and very probably much, much more.

But Young Paul made a point of living within his means—within the means provided by his salary. This, perhaps, was one of the earliest signs that he was like his father—who, when prospecting for oil in Oklahoma in 1915-17, lived on the \$100-a-month allowance provided by his father (until he brought in his first oil wells, that is).

Notwithstanding these surface-shows of similarity to his fabulously successful pater, Paul Jr. did not demonstrate any of the traditional Getty drive and enterprise in business. He inclined to remain in the background, to live quietly and out of the limelight that has long pursued his father.

On the other hand, his friends and acquaintances found him to be a highly personable, fun-loving individual with an excellent—and fre-

quently zany—sense of humor. According to Getty-Empire legend, when J. Paul Getty had his highly publicized pay telephone booth installed in his English mansion, Young Paul sent his father a package of 240 English cartwheel copper pennies—sending them collect.

Due to the weight of the parcel, the charges were 1.10 pounds—about \$4.20, or \$1.40 more than the actual value of the pennies!

In the mid-1950s, having done his stint in the Persian Gulf, Paul Jr. began to show additional signs that he was very much his father's son. Always peripatetic, J. Paul Getty had been an expatriate American since 1951. For years, he roamed the Continent and the Middle East, never returning to the United States. Young Paul developed the same shtik—and decided to remain the Europe with his American wife, Gail.

Soon thereafter—in 1958—the Getty interests purchased a giant and brand-new oil refinery not far from Naples, Italy. A corporation—Getty Oil Italiana, SpA—was organized and its home offices soon established in Rome. Evidently, the operation and the locale appealed to Paul Jr. He, his wife and two young children moved to Rome and settled there. Young Paul was placed in charge of the Italian operation.

Now, nursing a new multi-million-dollar enterprise through its teething period is no easy task for even the most experienced business executive. The pangs and pains of the infant company require most of the executive's time and energy—particularly when the company is in a foreign country.

Consequently, Young Paul Getty must have carried a very heavy workload during the years that followed. Nonetheless, he and his wife managed to attend operas, concerts and the theater—cultural pursuits which he, again like his father, enjoys greatly. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Getty Jr. were also familiar—and popular—figures in the glittering social circles—and whirls—of Rome. They were frequent guests at diplomatic functions and the cocktail parties, dinners and balls given by Roman aristocrats, socialites, magnates and the luminaries of Cinecittà. And, at the same time, Paul Jr. and Gail added two more children to their brood, making a total of four, including a son who was named—you guessed it—Paul Getty III.

What happened after that is anybody's guess.

Their marriage, long considered “perfect” and as solid as the pyramids or the Rock of Gibraltar, began to come apart at the seams. The inside story of why and how is one of the most tightly guarded Top Secrets in the Getty clan and empire.

“My guess is that Rome's traditional revellings and the Via Veneto scene were just too much for one or another or both of them,” a friend has theorized.

That somehow doesn't seem to provide a convincing explanation.

In any event, while domestic trouble bubbled and brewed, Young Paul was seen around Rome with a succession of Cinecittà starlets. “Romance” that manifestly handy and safe euphemism journalists employ to cover a multitude of sins (and pleasures) was “hinted at” in the gossip and society columns of Continental newspapers and magazines.

Like father, like son note: In his own salad days, J. Paul Getty's name was constantly “being linked” with those of screen actresses and aspiring actresses. Two striking and memorable examples from opposite ends of the pole: Paulette Goddard and Joan Barry—the latter of Charles Chaplin parenthood-suit fame.

Very possibly the foregoing explains why the World's Richest Man made no adubile noises of protest over his namesake son's antics. Nor did he make any public comment when Gail Getty obtained a divorce (outside Italy, of course) from Paul Jr. and also obtained custody of their four children.

“Young Paul is now firmly planting his feet in his father's footsteps,” a highly-qualified Gettyologist wryly remarked after the divorce became final. “He's exactly the same age as when Paul Sr. got his first divorce.”

The parallel, it must be admitted, is clearcut. Paul Jr. was then 33—and Paul Sr. was 33, too, when he divorced Jeanette Dumont in 1925, just forty years before.

“And, I'll give a hundred to one odds that Young Paul marries again within two years,” the previously quoted student of Getty behavior patterns predicted.

If he found any takers, he profited handsomely from his wagers for, in December, 1966, Young Paul was to do the “to-have-and-to-hold” bit again. But there's a story leading up to the event that bears telling—and may well give a grin or two to those who know the Gettys.

It seems that Young Paul took a trip to London, attended a swinging



Mayfair party—and met blonde, beautiful, Dutch-born Talitha Pol. Miss Pol was 26 and—depending on what newspaper you read, either an actress or an “aspiring actress.” Cynics might be moved to observe there is a world of difference between the two descriptions—but that is neither here nor there.

It was love or whatever at first sight. And, when the strident bugle-call of business duty summoned Paul Jr. back to Rome, Talitha soon followed to visit him in the Eternal City. Sensing a possible scoop or two, Rome's ubiquitous journalists and *paparazzi* photographers kept hard on the handsome young couple's tail. Their tenacity paid off late one night on the Via Veneto.

Paul Jr. and Talitha were making their way down that fabled stretch of Roman street—when, lo, behold and *Mama Mia!*—Paul suddenly stopped, knelt down on the crowded sidewalk and, to the delight of the throng, smothered Talitha's FEET, of all anatomical parts, with kisses.

Later, he told bug-eyed newsmen that one was impelled to do those things after “wassailing several carafes of good red Antinori wine and reading a few passages of F. Scott Fitzgerald.”

Again, there were no gripes or grumbles from father. Paul Sr. saved his ire—or so it has been bandied about—for another incident. And then, 'tis whispered, he really blew his cork. It seems that in October, '66, a photograph of Young Paul appeared in an Italian magazine—and it showed him wearing his hair long and Beatle-style. This was too much for the Pop with the world's biggest pile of pelf. And he is said to have said as much to his offspring over the long distance telephone lines. If he did—he got results. The next photo of Young Paul to appear in the press proved that he had become practically a crewcut in the interim.

Anyway, as we've said, Paul Jr. and Talitha Pol were married in a civil ceremony in Rome in December, 1966. The following month, they went to Morocco on their honeymoon—and Paul Jr. gave another (an estimated million-dollar) demonstration that he truly is a chip off the billion-dollar block.

How? Well, he showed that he'd inherited the Old Man's mansion-buying mania.

What's that? Oh—it's a famous shtik in the great green pastures of the Getty Wonderland. J. Paul Getty has always had a thing about houses—the bigger, more luxurious and ex-

pensive the better.

Senior started out with a “Ranch House” in Malibu, California—a cozy place about the size of Grand Central station. Next, he bought and built a mansion—also in Malibu—a place big enough to tuck a museum filled with \$150 million worth of his art and antiques into a single wing of the building. Then, he built a house—spacious enough to provide elbow-room for a full-strength infantry battalion—on the Persian Gulf. In 1960, he bought Sutton Place, a 78-room mansion outside London. Evidently still worried about the possibility of a housing shortage, five years later Paul Sr. paid millions for a Pentagon-sized medieval castle not far from Rome.

And, in Morocco, Young Paul proved that he'd been bitten by the same bug—or that the shtik is hereditary and has only been lying dormant, waiting to bust out like boils.

You see, it just happened that while they were in Marrakesh, they saw a 150-year-old, 42-room Moorish Palace that had been built for a Sultan and was fit for a king—or at least for the Crown Prince and Princess of the World's Biggest Business Empire.

And so—they bought it.

There was only one thing wrong. No swimming pool. However, as the real estate agent pointed out, that was easily remedied. The only thing needed was—well, money.

Money? What's that—nothing important. Have a handful or two . . .

When Young Paul and the Second Mrs. Paul Getty II headed back for Rome, the contractors were already swarming all over the palace, renovating, refurbishing and, natch, building the swimming pool.

(Paul Senior, it might be remarked in passing, has *two* swimming pools at Sutton Place—one indoor, another outdoor. Junior may have *his* second one under construction by the time this article is published—who knows?)

## HAIR

Continued from page 19

Well, according to a television program that was made of the factory and the men who work there, a number of bald Englishmen seem to think so. Thousands of orders for fertilizer have poured into the plant and none of those orders are for farms and gardens.

What's ahead for Paul Getty Jr.

Except for the fiscal aspects of his future, the crystal ball is clouded. But, moneywise, the future can't possible do anything but come up solid-gold, diamond-studded roses. J. Paul Getty *et Fils* owns controlling interest in such colossal companies as Tidewater Oil, Skelly Oil and Getty Oil. But these holdings are just the beginning, merely the surface-shows of Getty wealth. Behind them lie super-tanker fleets, hotels, insurance companies, refineries, immense tracts of real estate, an aircraft company, flocks of skyscrapers—you name it, Getty has at least half a dozen.

Paul Jr. can't lose. He is his father's son and namesake—and, according to people who know the family best, is becoming more and more like the Old Man every day. This, in itself, is food for thought to stagger even the strongest and most vivid imagination.

Look at it this way.

J. Paul Getty is 75 years old. When his son, Paul Jr., was born 35 years ago, J. Paul Getty was worth about \$50 million. He parlayed that golden nut into a reported present-day minimum of \$10 *billion*—which means he multiplied the original fifty million dollars TEN THOUSAND TIMES OVER.

Now, suppose Junior really does develop into a carbon-copy of Senior—and does as well as Dad.

Ten thousand times ten billion dollars equals ONE HUNDRED TRILLION DOLLARS!

“The Gettys will wind up owning the God damned world!” some readers will probably exclaim at this juncture.

“Don't they already?” kibitzers reading over their shoulders might be likely to ask.

Paul Getty Jr. can divorce all the wives he wants—and kiss all the girls' feet he fancies. He'll never have to worry about where his next palace is coming from . . .

THE END

The factory manager said the experiment-minded Englishmen were mixing it with water and pasting it on their heads.

“It seems to be simple enough once you get accustomed to the smell of it,” he said.

Which sounds like another good reason why the bald American will probably stick to sticking a hairpiece on his head for the time being.

THE END

Swank . . . . .



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